

EVANGELIST F. J. MILLS.



# Broken Fetters

AND

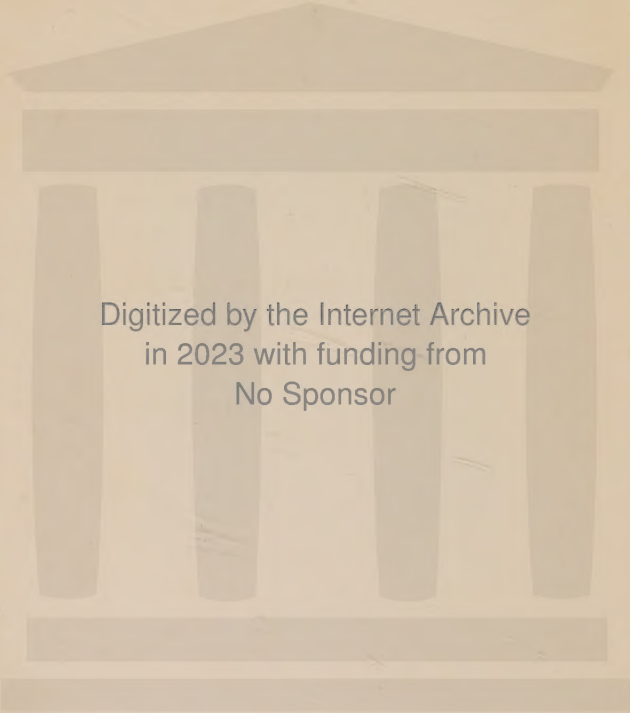
## Other Sermons

---

BY  
*Evangelist F. J. MILLS.*

---

PENTECOSTAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
Louisville, Ky.



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2023 with funding from  
No Sponsor



TO MY DEAR WIFE

MARY M. MILLS

Who has sacrificed so much that I might  
continue in the work of Evangelism, this  
book is lovingly dedicated.

## FOREWORD

---

Able writers have written many books before me. The printed Truth has reached the lives of multitudes that owe the glory of a changed life and a knowledge of salvation to those who have taken time and expended effort in putting into print the inspired thoughts of God. In presenting this book to the public, I will have only done that which I trust will help eternity bound men and women to see the privilege of having every sin fetter broken by the power of an Almighty Saviour.. I claim for this book no literary merit whatsoever. It is the answer to scores of urgent requests that some of my sermons be put in book form, that those who have not had the privilege of hearing me preach, might read some of my messages in print. Should even ONE soul find Christ in His Saving and Sanctifying power, as the result of reading these simple addresses, I shall feel amply repaid for the time I have taken out of a busy life to publish the truth on the several subjects herein contained.

F. J. MILLS.

Station A, Box 81  
Lansing, Mich.

## CONTENTS

---

Broken Fetters . . . . .	7
The New Birth. . . . .	37
Sanctification . . . . .	60
Hell . . . . .	74
The Judgment . . . . .	99
Lost! Because Christ is Missing . . . . .	117
On the Scales of God . . . . .	134



## BROKEN FETTERS.

Prov. 19-13.

*He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy.*

Whosoever undertakes to conceal his sins engages in an altogether unprofitable task. The Scriptures warn men against making the attempt. The assurance is given that sin is sure to be found out. Yet, in the face of the warnings of the word, and the example of those who have tried and failed in their efforts to hide their sins from man and God, men continue to labor under the impression that it can successfully be done.

As surely as Adam's attempt to conceal his true condition by hiding behind the bush in the Garden of Eden, ended in failure; as certain as Cain was awakened from his dream of fancied security by the voice of the Almighty accusing him of the blood guilt of Abel; and as the sins of Jacob, and Achan, and David and Ananias and Sapphira found them out, the individual who engages to cover his sins today, will only live day by day with a skeleton in his closet, assured by the Word of God that a day of revelation is approaching in the tomorrows!

It is an easy matter to tell of the sins of those about us, but about the hardest thing in the world for man to do is to kneel, suing for mercy before the throne of God, and making the confession to the Almighty, "I am wrong!" The altar rail, the place of confession to God, is often to many a needy soul, a valley of ghosts! Yet to keep from the place of honest confession, means that the soul will ever live with the ghastly array of the terrible and mocking spectres of past sins constantly parading before the vision! Romans 3:23 tells us that "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Thus "all the world becomes guilty before God." What a load of guilt mankind must be carrying for comparatively there are but few that ever come to the place where confession is made, that the burden may be removed! Multitudes live on for years, and even die in their sins, rather than step forth from the broad way and own before God their wickedness. Often we see, instead of confessions being made, the very opposite taking place, and men will boast of their self righteousness, laugh at religion, and carefully resort to the camouflage of professed unbelief in order to discourage Christian workers from longer approaching them about the salvation of their souls! But to the person who knows and believes the Book, and who



is a student of human nature, the ruse is recognized; and the fisher after men realizes that somewhere in the life there is the unclean something that will not face the light! No wonder so many accuse the evangelist of being an emotionalist. No surprise that so many laugh at experimental religion! Back in the closet of the heart, behind the locked door, there may be hidden enough sin to put the individual in the penitentiary, yes, and sink him forever in a devil's hell!

The wife of a certain sheriff in a western state was converted. Her husband laughed at her, derided her experience, and paraded a thousand reasons before her as to why he did not believe in religion. He told me that there was nothing to the truth that we preached, and that only weak minded persons would have anything to do with the Bible. I knew he did not tell the truth, and that he believed the Word full well, for under the gospel cannon I had seen him turn as white as a sheet, and literally sway in his seat so under conviction was he! I was not at all surprised, when, failing of re-election, and a new sheriff in charge of the office, it was discovered that he had been the ring-leader of a band of horse thieves that had operated in that section of the State for years! No wonder he stated that he did not believe in religion!

At another meeting in North Dakota, a man who had come to the altar suddenly arose, hastened down the aisle of the church, secured his hat from the vestibule, and literally ran down the street away from the church. When I asked him why he had acted in such a strange way, some days after, he asserted that one of the altar workers had abused him, and that he went away disgusted because of it. However a few weeks afterward I found the real reason for his flight. Under the influence of liquor, he told me the whole story. He said that his partner on a wood job in the north woods, happened to fall in love with the girl he himself desired for a wife. His hate toward his rival grew with time, until, his partner suddenly taking sick, he refused all medical assistance and allowed his enemy to die without the attention of a physician. As one of his pall-bearers at the grave, he was assisting in the lowering of the body, when it suddenly flashed upon his mind that he was probably responsible for the man's death. As the thought struck him, and the truth gripped his soul, his hands unable longer to hold the rope, released their grasp upon it, and the casket fell into the grave end foremost. And now he confessed that as he knelt at the altar in prayer, the only thing he seemed able to see was a black coffin

standing on end in a lonely grave among the pines. No wonder he sought an excuse for fleeing from such a vision!

I was intimately acquainted with a certain preacher who was a noted fighter of experimental salvation. He was a scholarly man, gifted to an unusual extent with a pleasing manner, and was almost worshipped by his congregation. But he was most ardently opposed to revival meetings, warning his people to keep away from every campaign held in the city. When I realized that he was a cigar smoker, a Sunday baseball fan, and would sit on the veranda of the hotel half the night, while his members danced inside, I came to the conclusion there was likely to be a mighty reason for his fighting the truth. Rumors of his improper relations with a young girl of my acquaintance prompted me to look up his character. I found so much rot that inside of a week I closed the investigation in disgust! He had been in a succession of immoral scrapes, and had moved from State to State to hide the past! No surprise when he vehemently stormed against revival effort, and directed such tirade against the gospel that demands a confession to God of the past!

So convinced did I become that men were fighters of the Gospel because of sins in their lives that they dared not confess, I started

an investigation of the lives of seven of the worst gospel fighters of my acquaintance. In every case I found enough evidence against them to prove beyond a doubt that they should have been in the penitentiary instead of at large, if my ideas of justice are correct.

There is no such a thing as a "harmless sin." Sin in every form is awful. If it appears harmless, it is only another testimonial to the adroitness of the devil in making successful camouflage! In California I saw one day over a large rock, a halo of colors that reminded me of the beauty of the rainbow. Upon investigation I found that the sun's rays, reflected from the back of a hideous reptile had caused the gorgeous halo. That reptile, if taken in hand, would have stung the individual with a thousand stings of death! Inside of five minutes the person who embraced it would have been a corpse! So does sin seem oftentimes. It sheds out a glorious sheen of glitter and tinsel that seems to dazzle the onlooker with its glory, but it is only the covering of the unholy and awful thing that is loaded with a cargo of poison, and the victim who grasps at its loveliness will go down to certain destruction.

Brutus made Cæsar believe he was his ally, but in an unlooked-for moment a knife was thrust into the vitals of the Ruler, and

as the wounded man looked over his shoulder into the faces of his assassins, he beheld the face of Brutus, his supposed friend. "You too. Brutus?" The heart rending cry has been carried down the ages! It was a cry of disappointment, as well as one of surprise and dismay! The unbelievable thing had happened—he had been deceived! A trusted friend had wrought his undoing! Thus sin deludes men into believing that it is a thing to be trusted, and that it is working even for our interests, financially, socially, and in other ways! How sad the cry of multitudes who too late have discovered that its profession of friendship was merely a garb in which a murderer was clothed!

Down a lonely pathway in the north woods came a woodsman one night. Half a hundred men had walked that same pathway an hour before on their way to the camp. The stars shone brightly above, their faint light flickering through the overhanging branches of the giant hemlocks. The air was invigorating, the night was as beautiful as any that had preceded it. The camp-bound workman swings along the path with a merry whistle, thinking of the hot supper and the nights' rest just ahead! Suddenly, without warning, there is a swish through the air and the furry body of a lynx drops from a bough above his head. Claw and tooth soon

do their work, and a moment after the startled cry rings out upon the stillness of the night, a bleeding form, half stripped of its clothing, lies silent upon the snow covered earth! And sin often does its work as the sly beast of the forest! Do not boast that others have walked the pathway of sin before, and have done this or that, and have not paid the penalty! Sin ALWAYS brings its own reward, and you may have whistled and sung in your sinful path many a time before, but there is a time awaiting you when suddenly there will descend upon you, like a terrible beast of prey, a harvest like the whirlwind, and your mangled soul will speak of the price you have paid for continuing too long in the pathway where sin awaits to destroy you!

In the hospital one day I saw a man come in upon a stretcher. He was rushed to the operating table and a limb amputated. It was an operation that required haste. A terrible gunshot wound had made the operation necessary. It was soon over and the patient laid away in a little cot. When he was able to receive visitors, I went in to see him. He told me that he suffered no pain as the leg was taken off, but, that on the contrary, he had dreamed the most pleasant dreams. He had dreamed of a beautiful lake of crystal clearness, into which tumbled



a stream of sparkling waters from a mountain stream. He had been fascinated by the music of a tiny waterfall that shone like burnished silver as it slipped laughing into the welcome bosom of the lake. The birds sang upon every bough, the breezes chanted softly the chorus of an ancient melody. He was surprised to awake between the white sheets of a little cot, and to see the anxious face of a nurse bending over him. And then he knew that while he had dreamed of the pleasant things, his leg had been severed from his body. He had lost a limb! So sin, while the soul is rocked to sleep in the cradle of fancied security, has placed its deadly opiates of hell into its victim, and without a struggle, without an effort to save himself, the arch enemy of man and God has been allowed to quietly cut off from the soul the hope of heaven, and leaves the hapless prisoner a spiritual cripple, with nothing to do but to limp his way on down the way into eternal ruin!

Sometimes sin comes as an angel of light. With fair speech and a seemingly indulgent spirit, she beckons the soul on into the pleasures of the world, painting every wrong with the veneer of forbearance, and smilingly overlooks the first false step and the second, and speaks of safety when the first milestone and the tenth, is reached and passed.

Even unto old age, she smilingly leads the way down the broad path, until just ahead eternity looms as a city of high walls and towering spires. She finally halts at its gates, knocks, and as the gates open she invites you to follow her in. You find yourself standing within the doors of a gorgeous palace room. Its walls are glittering with a thousand reflections of soft light. The ceiling is aglow with myriads of combinations of sparkling gems. The floor upon which you stand is as burnished gold! You turn to your escort with questioning eyes. "Yes," comes the answer to the question you have asked, "this is all yours for eternity!" You smile, you laugh, you clap your hands with joy! Your memory flashes back to the folk who warned you against the broad way. Now you feel more sorry than ever for that old prayer meeting bunch that wept and cried and suffered and warned you against the dangers of a sinful life. Those who warned you against Sabbath desecration, the theatres, the movies, the dance, the card tables, the cigarette, the red wine, the mid-night orgies! Now you congratulate yourself that you have had your fill of the pleasures of the world and have inherited a mansion so fair at the end of the journey, as to leave you without a thing to be desired other than to revel in the luxury of its re-

splendent beauty forever! Suddenly, as you feast your eyes upon the magnificence of the place, the lights are extinguished, a pall of utter darkness envelopes the surroundings, the death-like stillness is broken only by the sound of retreating footsteps, the swinging of a massive door, then the grating of a monstrous key in a rusty lock! You cry out for your white robed angel of light to hold your hand! The reply is the echoings of your own voice and a laugh of contempt from your departed guide, who has left you locked in the prison-house of the damned, while she has gone back into the bypaths of sin to secure another victim! You rush about the walls seeking a way of escape. Your hand touches the rough knob of the door through which you have lately come. It will not yield to your most frantic efforts. The door is locked forever! You feel your way to the windows that line the walls. You discover them barred with mighty iron! You sink onto the floor in despair, only to find yourself wallowing in the slime of hell among the life-blood of other victims who have come to an awful end before you! You find every former jewel a thorn, every resting place a thing of agony! The very breath you breathe is laden with the fumes of brimstone! You have at last made your way through prayers and tears and exhortation, down the path of

pleasure and sin into the eternal dungeon of the lost!

The man that covers his sin shall not prosper. How would it be possible? Day after day, and night after night, the fearful past hounds him like a blood-hound on the trail of the fugitive from justice! The devil of his locked up sin is an expert artist, ever delighting to draw upon the panorama of his memory the reproduction of the day of his entanglement! And yet without fail intimidating the soul by pictures of what will happen if a confession is made, until his soul shrinks from the presence of the gospel and the God of heaven who would delight to save him!

It is for the sake of the soul that God asks man to uncover his sins. A confession, an uncovering, must take place before deliverance from sin can be effected. Sin cannot enter heaven. Yet the soul was intended for heaven. It is plain that there must of necessity be a separating of sin from the soul, or there can never be extended the hope of a glorious heaven. God undertakes, through his great salvation to separate sin from the soul, but if man will not allow Him to effect deliverance, then the soul must go with the sin he refuses to surrender, into the eternal penitentiary of the universe, where all that are numbered amongst the enemies

of the Godhead will dwell in torment forever! Thank God, deliverance from sin and hell may be had, but confession **MUST PRECEDE** liberty! "Whoso confesseth and forsaketh shall have mercy."

Suppose you are afflicted with a cancer on your breast. How would you proceed to enjoy a complete cure from it? "Why," you say, "I would consult the best surgeon I knew of, and show him the spot, and allow him to operate at once." Certainly, you would do just that! And in order to get rid of the sin that has fastened itself like a cancer upon your soul, you must not seek to cover it up, to conceal it, but you must go to God, the Great Surgeon of the Ages, reveal unto him your true condition, confess to him your affliction! In response to your appeal and confession He will operate upon the heart so sorely stricken, cast out, by His almighty power and skill the thing that has fastened itself upon you, and you will fly from His presence with a healthy soul!

You deal with fire in the same manner. When the smoke, crawling through the cracks in the floor testify that a fire is in the lower basement, you do not seek to cover up the signs of that flame by putting up the cracks through which the smoke is coming! You rather call up the fire department, you confess you have a fire in your house, you

show the firemen, when they appear on the scene, the very spot where the flames are raging. The fire extinguishers do their work, the blaze is put out, the house is saved. So you must deal with the flame of sin that burns within your breast. You must not cover your sins, you must not protect them. You must call up the great Sin Destroying Department of the skies! You must confess to Him who comes to save from sin! You must show Him just where the trouble lies! The Blood will be applied that cleanseth from all sin, and you will endure as a building fitly framed together down through the centuries! Confession saves the soul!

You would not seek to cover and hide that anarchist that is plotting against your country. Why protect sin the rebel that has laid his plans to throw the Universe of God into a general insurrection, and who desires to damn your soul and the soul of others about you with the damnation of eternal woe? Sin does not make for happiness. If it did, Hell would be the happiest place in the universe. But Hell is a place of weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth!

How awful is sin! It is the fountain-head of every tear and sigh and heart-break. It is the spring from which pour the black waters of eternal woe! It is the parent of every pain and ache and graveyard. It has



given us the heritage of every jail and pest-house and asylum. It is the source of every calamity that has come upon us since the fall of Adam! It is the eternal enemy of the soul of man! If it could it would place the blackening influence of its hand upon every fair son and daughter in our homes. It would wreck every pure heart and defile every virtuous soul. It would tear down every family altar, and burn every Bible, and cut from the mouth every tongue that testifies and sings to the glory of God! It would make our land a place of brothels, it would devour our young manhood with its lust, it would drown our nation in the sea of licentiousness. It would not stop with the defilement and ruin of our fair America, but would visit every country in every clime, it would not spare the smallest island of the sea! It would blacken the whole earth with its loathsomeness, and fill the universe with an absolute despair! Sin, if it could, would fly from this earth to the distant stars and pluck them as gems from the diadem of God, and cast them into oblivion. It would cover the moon with sackcloth, it would rob the sun of its glory! It would rip the white robe from every angel, it would turn the music of the skies into a wail of woe, and pull every towering spire from the temples in the New Jerusalem! It would not stop with the de-

filament of all the creation of God, but would, if it could, attack the very throne of God, unseat him from his throne, rob the Creator of his majesty, turn his righteousness and holiness into the very essence of uncleanness, and would put its heel upon the neck of the Lord of Hosts and pull itself into the throne of the Almighty, would call from the vaults of hell the unclean and the vile and the Christ rejecters and the God haters, to be the new kings and priests of the black empire of unrighteousness! So, sir, I hate sin! I will fight it wherever I find it, inside the church or out of it! I will not show it any quarter. It is a thing devoid of mercy and it shall receive none from my hand. I am its sworn enemy, and while God gives me breath to speak and strength to travel, I shall go up and down this land, warning men and women of the awfulness of sin, and will tell them of its blackness and its deceitful hellishness, if I never get a smile from the masses, nor a penny for bread!! Man, sin is your enemy, God's enemy, the enemy of all Heaven! How can you prosper, when you insist on hugging it to your bosom? Will you not forsake it? Will you not confess it? The last part of the verse assures us that he that will do these things shall have mercy!!!

Sin is not without attractiveness. Its voice is fascinating, and its regalia be-

witching, its offers tempting; but the man who lends his ear to its call will find himself soon drawn into an influence that rages like a torrent, and hurries every soul it ensnares to certain death!

There is an ancient story in Greek mythology that tells of a fatal isle near the coast of Sicily whereon dwelt several beautiful Sirens. These sea nymphs sang with such beautiful tones that passing sailors, fascinated by the songs from the island, were irresistibly drawn to the shore. Then the Sirens would fall upon the hapless individuals, and the bones of scores of victims lined the coast line of the isle. When Ulysses approached the island he resorted to the expedient of stuffing the ears of his men with wax so that they could not hear the voices of the nymphs, and also bound himself to the mast of his ship. Thus they were successful in getting by the place in safety.

Orpheus, the story goes, in order to get by, played such bewitching music upon his lyre that he drowned out the songs of the nymphs, and also was successful in getting safely past the isle. But the sailor who placed himself under the power of their song, soon found himself helplessly drawn into their hands, and, like those who had preceded him, soon added his life to the list of others who had made the fatal mistake of

listening to the soft voice of the heartless Sirens!

Today the Siren calls of Sin are listened to by multitudes, and under the power of her voice, are brought into the bondage of death! There is the Siren call of Profanity. The youth hears the vile words spoken by his elder. He is under the impression that it is "manly" to swear. The first oath that falls from his lips sends a shock of guilt through his very frame. He tries it again and still again. Profanity as a habit has embraced him. He forgets the shock of the thing that once almost stunned him. Profanity is a part of his vocabulary. He can scarce express himself without resorting to the use of unclean speech. Many a man swears and does not realize how completely the Siren has him in her power. He can and does "swear by note," and if one reproved him, he would look startled and exclaim, "was I swearing?" The Siren of Profanity has damned her thousands. You ask me how I know it? I am sure of it because the Book tells me that "God will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain!"

The Siren of Gambling has taken an awful toll these last few years. Oh, when the Siren called, she did not reveal herself as the Gambling Demon. She sang softly the song of the private card game. Many a man has

started from his mother's parlor to the gambling hell! Yet the poor deluded parents of the boys and girls of today seem never to learn the lesson. It is said that four-fifths of the gamblers of today started their way to ruin through the Siren call of the "home game" of cards! Mothers, you are not keeping your son and daughter out of "bad company" when you allow card playing in your home. You are only placing your children in the kindergarten of the High School of Gambling. They will not be children forever, they will not live under your roof always, but they will carry the love for and the knowledge of the game into their mature years. The men and women who love and play with cards will be the ones likely to become associated with your grown sons and daughters. They will be drawn together through the medium of that pack of cardboard. That stack of cardboard is not composed of "harmless paper," but it represents fifty-two tickets to hell! The testimony of more than one young man and woman is that "we played our first game under our parent's own roof. By the grace of God that will never be said of the parents of MY children. The fascination of the card game is acknowledged by every one who has learned to play. It is the thing the thoughts turn to when the hands are idle for a moment.

The haunts where cards are played is the place that will give the Siren call to your boy and to your girl. You know the places where they are found, and found always! The saloon has them, the brothel has them! They are the plaything of the outcast, the bum and the street walker. Made to amuse the weak minded old king in the years gone by they still fill the bill in offering "pastime" to millions who ought to be doing something profitable.

I was amazed to find on my first visit to a Y. M. C. A. ( a full dozen young boys playing pool under the "wing" of the manager of the place. At first I thought I had made a mistake and walked into the wrong building. I went back to the street to get my bearings again. Yes, there were the letters above the door that stood for Young Men's CHRISTIAN Association. I went inside again, inquired of the man at the desk if I were in the Y. M. C. A. He assured me that I was. I asked him why he allowed the young boys in their teens to play pool in the building. He hastened to explain that there was no harm in a game of pool. That they allowed the youngsters the privilege of playing in the Y. M. C. A. so as to keep them from the evil pool rooms down town. I preached him a sermon, about five minutes long, and went out. The points I covered in that length of



time were these: 1st. No one ever plays pool without learning the game. 2nd. No one ever learns the game without liking the game. 3rd. The boys would not always be boys and be within reach of the Y. M. C. A. 4th. That as they grew into manhood and went out into the world for themselves, they would carry their love of the game with them. 5th. That they would eventually be found in the country town pool room, or the back room of the saloon or "blind pig" joint, playing pool, in the midst of tobacco smoke, vile talk, and unholy surroundings. And 6th. That he was guilty of giving them a good start toward hell when he countenanced under the name of Christian Association, a game that would eventually lead them into ANTI-CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS. 7th. I gave him my own experience, and walked away! For shame that the Y. M. C. A. would expose our boys to the Siren call of bad company and the dangers of a gambling den!

There is the Siren call to the dance. That dancing is wrong goes without argument. There is nothing that contributes so much to the downfall of womanhood as the dance hall. Out of two hundred inmates of the brothels in Los Angeles, one hundred and sixty-three, according to Faulkner, a former dancing master, confessed their downfall

was accomplished through the dance. Averaging statistics I have gathered from different sources I find that figures show that fully seventy-eight per cent of fallen women went down to ruin through the dance! The white slave traffic of today has grown to such proportions that it requires the virtue of one pure girl every eight MINUTES NIGHT AND DAY to fill its monstrous appetite! Over sixty thousand girls were swept out of sight in this country last year!

I say, friend, if the dance is responsible for only ONE percent of those that fall it is a thing to be tabooed and driven from our land. But when statistics show that more than three out of every four that lose their souls in lives of shame trace their fall to the dance, it is time for every red-blooded man and woman in this land to arise and demand the hellish thing cease! Ah, do not tell me that the parlor dance is harmless! It is the feeder to the public dance! Not long since I had a case come under my personal observation that drove all doubt as to the danger of the parlor dance away, and replaced the doubt with the solid conviction that it is a twin sister to the public dance hall. It was the case of a beautiful girl who was on a visit to her married sister. A parlor dance was given in her honor. She was invited to the floor several times, but constantly re-

fused. Her sister finally inquired the reason, and the girl frankly confessed that she did not know how to dance. Immediately several young men volunteered to teach her. She finally accepted and made an attempt to dance. All saw that she was ignorant even of the first steps. But she persisted, was an apt pupil, and ere the dance closed was able to dance the simple steps passably well. In reply to my protest against her indulging further, she said she saw no harm in the parlor dance, but that she would never step on the floor of a public dance hall. I saw her at several other parlor dances, and then, one night discovered her at a public dance down town. I reminded her of what she had said weeks before about the public dance hall. She laughed and replied that it was different now, since she knew everybody in town! Poor girl! "KNEW EVERYBODY!" Why, as a matter of fact, the average young man on the dance floor does not KNOW HIMSELF when he is embracing his pretty partner. That same night she assured me that she would never dance outside of her acquaintances, but inside of a month she was going to every dance within twenty miles. Then there came a night, when she visited a dance hall several miles away, danced until after midnight, left the room with a young travelling man, stepped into a

waiting automobile and was whisked away. The last time the girl was seen by her friends! Where is she now? It is said that she is in the red light district in Chicago. I do not know. I have been unable to trace her! But you can draw your own conclusions! She had listened to the attractive voice of the parlor dance Siren, and no doubt ere this, her sin-destroyed body has fallen with the hosts of others who have sacrificed their all on the altars of the modern dance!

The dance craze is on every hand. It has invaded our public schools in America, until we are in a fair way to the damnation of our young people by the wholesale under our very noses! And we are paying taxes to assist the Siren in stealing our boys and girls away, and wrecking them upon the fatal isle! A taxi driver confessed the other day that he had a flourishing business whenever the high school dances were held, for he was kept busy taking young couples on half hour rides for half the night! I am told that in one city sixty high school girls became mothers during one school year. As Ulysses bound his sailors to prevent them from answering the lure of the nymph's music, it is about time that we fathers and mothers put our children to bed and locked the door of their sleeping rooms, whenever a dance is held in town. I am determined that dancing

instructions shall never be given my boys and girl as a part of their education. I will move to Greenland before I will consent that the Dance Siren play and sing and fascinate my offspring! It is time that we arose and resisted this inroad upon the moral standing of our school boys and girls! Yes, and of our religious liberty!

Then there is the Movie Siren! Her call is recorded on billboard and news sheet. The price she asks is not much. A dime will allow you to revel in her sensual surroundings for an hour. A little dime entitles your boy and mine to see bank robbery and train wreck, and gun play enough to fill his young head with false ideas of heroism that will land him in the penitentiary. The great crime wave that is sweeping the country is not altogether the result of the war. It is largely the result of the corrupt movies of the land. Our girls can see enough illicit love-making in one night's movie to start them well on the way to such looseness in moral conduct as will bring them to grief and ourselves to shame! It is not a question as to whether the movies were "born wrong" or not. It is a question as to whether they are right now or not. And I hesitate not a moment to say they are NOT RIGHT! There is a constant thrill in every show. The sexual stuff is a disgrace to America. The

"blood and thunder" of the screen is enough to make of our Young America criminals that will overflow every penitentiary in the country. The educational feature is a humbug. What sensible parent wants Arbuckle to be the tutor to their young? Who wants rollicking Hollywood with its Pajama parties and its drinking orgies to shape the destiny of the youth of the land? And yet solicitous fathers and mothers will trail off to the movies every night, dragging their offspring with them, leaving the rent unpaid in order to pay their way in to see the "show."

Then there is the Siren call of Drink. It took the American people years to arouse themselves to the fact that one hundred thousand a year were winding their way to the fatal embrace of the liquor Siren, and on to a drunkard's hell! Thank God America has awakened! Shame on her if she ever gives way to the pleas of the "wet" element, and allows our land to become hypnotized by the voice of the saloon.

There is, again the call of the Siren of Formality. She has wrecked her thousands. She is beautiful to look upon and her voice is soft and wonderfully soothing. She dwells in magnificent temples of brown stone. Her great windows are of stained glass. Her pews are fitted with soft cushions upon which the church-goer may rest. Her pipe



organ represents the most skilled workmanship. The players are experts. The music that she throws into the great auditorium is soft and sweet and powerful. Her music is accompanied by the trained voices of a paid choir. Her membership boasts of the best people in town as far as morals go. Then besides they are very cultured and wealthy. Her following give largely to the support of their preacher. He is a graduate of the leading schools. His personality is striking, his ability as an orator unquestioned. The grammar he uses is accurate. His sermons are touching. He speaks much on the love of the Lord, and upon the mercy that is always extended to the erring. He never holds a revival in his church. He doesn't believe in emotion. He says that revival campaigns are only spasmodic times of unprofitable excitement. He makes every effort to see that folks enjoy his addresses. He succeeds. They do. They never hear him speak of the Judgment, of Hell, neither does he mention repentance; but Sabbath after Sabbath the people come, they sing, they hear his oration, they return to their homes to dine or to drive, and to go on in their worldliness through the coming week. The Siren of Formality has succeeded in lulling them to sleep. They are in a wholesale way fulfilling the scriptures that prophesied that in the



last days men should have "a form of godliness but deny the power thereof!" They are on their way to hell! They know nothing about being born of the Spirit! They know nothing about the witness of the Spirit, they know nothing about the abiding presence of the Spirit! They are lost! They may not know it, but they are lost!

Then there is the Siren of Procrastination. She is singing to many who are in the valley of decision, "Time enough yet," and the masses believe her. She induces multitudes to put off their salvation one day too late. Their wrecked souls line the shores! They had intended to escape, but they neglected. The Siren has captured them. Nothing remains now but to live in exile as a lost soul.

The sailors who listened to the songs of the Sirens did not mean any harm. Neither may you. But as they paid the penalty for a moment of transgression by an eternal loss, you will not escape if you so much as dabble with the sins of the age. They are sure to bring their reward.

As a sinner I was captured by the voice of the Sirens. So completely was I in their power that I knew of myself I was helpless. My New Year's resolutions were broken before February. Effort after effort to escape the bad habits and vices of youth resulted

in repeated failure. At last bound hand and foot on the fatal isle, the awful end of the sinner in full sight, I cried for deliverance. A man with a seamless robe drew hastily near. I cried again for His assistance as He stood beside me. With a quick movement of His beautiful hands he untied the ropes that bound me. The fetters fell off. I arose to my feet to see the last enemy fleeing from the presence of my Savior. I turned to look upon the Man who had delivered me. His face was altogether lovely. The hands that had snapped the fetters about me, carried scars in their palms. The breeze that swept the shore parted His garment until I caught a glimpse of a wounded side. I cried, "My Lord and my God!" I fell at His feet and worshipped Him. He lifted me up, and with loving caresses bade my fear depart; then, linking his arm in mine, he said, "Follow me." And I made hasty reply, "I will follow thee wheresoever thou goest." And since that day we have walked together in flower dotted fields, and in the gardens of fragrant roses, and He has talked to me and I have talked to Him. He never lets a day pass without telling me of his affection, and not a day passes but I remind Him of my gratitude for His salvation. In the highest social strata of the universe do I move, for I want to testify that my companion is the King of

kings, and the Lord of lords! He is One among ten thousand. He is the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star! My prayer is that he who delivered me from the Sirens of sin, may also be allowed to set other sinners free. Will He do it? Aye, He is waiting now to do it for every burdened soul. "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy!" Will you not confess your sins to Him now, and forsaking everything that has contributed to your bondage, serve Him only? Come NOW if you will! Call upon Him! He will break every fetter and set you free!

## THE NEW BIRTH.

---

Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, came to Jesus by night, so the third chapter of St. John records. Apparently there was a lack in his soul of which he was conscious, and on account of which he was troubled. That he came to Jesus by NIGHT instead of by day, is no proof of cowardice on his part. That he came to Jesus by night may signify, rather, that the hunger of his soul was so intense he could not well await the breaking of the day. Conviction was so upon him that he pushes aside all thought of a night's repose and gathering his cloak about him, makes his way, under cover of the darkness, to the Prophet of Galilee. Every soul that finds Christ and in Him the way of life, must be filled with the same burning desire. One must realize that the most important thing in the world is to get in touch with Jesus Christ. Business engagements, money making, pleasure seeking must alike be brushed aside as of secondary consequence. To find the way of life, to know Jesus as Saviour, to be conscious that all is well with the soul, is the passion that must grip every man who would successfully find salvation. So long as men feel that the salvation of their

souls may as well be attended to tomorrow or some other day in the future, eternal life in the Son will never be realized. Only when the desire for salvation is so all absorbing as to make the soul demand satisfaction NOW, will the cry of the heart be answered.

With hungry soul and with eyes filled with longing, Nicodemus finally faces the Christ. He at once declares his faith in the words, "We know that thou art a teacher come from God." He had a good start. He was hungry, he had faith, he declared it. All skepticism was cast aside. He was open to the Truth and it was promptly given him. "Jesus answered and said unto him, verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Nicodemus had faith that Jesus knew the way of life. Faith in Jesus Christ will cause the soul at once to believe his words. Faith in Jesus Christ will accept the directions the Master gives the soul seeking salvation. He declares, "I am the way, the truth, and the life, and no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." It is incongruous to see a man testify to faith in Jesus Christ, and yet fail to believe His words or take His way. He asserts that He is the way. Yes and the ONLY way to God! And he maps out the only way to the kingdom of God. Our faith in Jesus is only proven by obedience to His

word. Listen! "How callest thou me Lord, Lord, and DO NOT THE THINGS THAT I SAY?" Unless you are a DOER of the Word, as well as a HEARER, do not longer disgrace the cause by testifying that He is your Lord. But I take it that we agree that Jesus is the Son of God, and that His words and directions are recognized as absolute Truth. Whatever may be the opinions of men, one thing is manifestly true, and that is that Jesus Christ claims the way to God and the ONLY way, is by the route of the NEW BIRTH!

All of us have been born of the flesh. The statement to Nicodemus shows that we must be BORN AGAIN! Either we must be TWICE BORN or miss even getting our eyes on the kingdom of God. Of this second birth Nicodemus was ignorant. "How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?" The question shows his ignorance. Christ immediately assures him that it is not another birth of the flesh to which he refers, but to one of the Spirit. Jesus states, "Except a man be born of the water and the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

Many seem to think that the birth of the water here refers to water baptism. Not so. Christ here sets forth the two necessary

births. One of the "water," or the first and fleshly birth, and the other of the "spirit" which is the second, or spiritual birth. The water birth is the birth all must have in order to be born into this material world. The birth of the spirit is one all must have if they are to become acquainted with the spiritual world. The words of Jesus immediately following prove this clearly. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again."

Nicodemus looked puzzled. The thoughts that ran through his brain were, "How can these things be?" He apparently was exercising all the brain power he had, endeavoring to grasp the mystery. Jesus was busy helping the man to see His point. He continues, "The wind bloweth where it listeth." And I can see Nicodemus nodding his head. Jesus goes on, "and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the spirit."

Nicodemus still marvels. Yet Christ has made it clear that one can KNOW some things and still be unable to EXPLAIN the matter. In other words the New Birth and its attendant mystery is not to be known by any process of reasoning. All that man gets



for scratching his head as he seeks to know salvation through mental effort, is slivers under his finger nails! Man by WISDOM knows not God. NOT that God is adverse to wisdom. No, indeed! But He TRANSCENDS wisdom! Man can never know God without aid to his intellect, although he may be an intellectual giant. God is a God of REVELATION! He reveals himself to man. He reveals salvation to man. He reveals what he has in the line of Divine grace for the human family in such manner that the invalid or the illiterate or the ignoramus may enjoy his blessings. I would rather have the six-year-old tell me what God and salvation are, if God has revealed this knowledge to him, than to listen to the most learned professor of Theology exhaust his vocabulary in an attempt to give me the desired information, provided the professor obtained his ideas only through process of brain power.

JESUS MAKES IT PLAIN THAT THE NEW BIRTH IS NECESSARY TO SALVATION, BUT WHY IS IT NECESSARY?

First, because it is the only means by which we can be brought into the knowledge of spiritual things. All agree that the only way we ever came to understand the things in this material realm about us was through the birth of the flesh. Everything hinged

on that experience. Without the birth of the flesh earthy knowledge would have been impossible. Likewise without the birth of the spirit, the things that the spiritual world contains must forever be shut out from our knowledge. The man who is ignorant of the things that are spiritual, testifies by his very ignorance that he has never been born of the spirit which alone gives the individual spiritual acumen. First Corinthians 2:14 makes this plain: "For the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." Joyous testimony, fellowship with God, unctious power from above, God-given peace and the manifestations of the spirit are all a conglomeration of foolishness to the man only once born. Although alive in the flesh he has never been born into the spiritual sphere, and therefore has no more capacity to understand the things that are of the spiritual realm, than has the potato the ability to comprehend the thoughts of the horse! If the vegetable is to understand the things that belong to the animal world, it must take on the animal nature and become endued with animal perceptiveness. If the natural man is to understand the things which have to do with the spiritual nature of things, he must have that miracle per-

formed which will make of him one with a divine nature.

Herein lies the solution of the mystery of mankind. Divided into two groups, they stand as far apart on matters pertaining to spiritual things as the East from the West. What preacher has not seen the great gulf already stretched between men and women this side of the grave? The two classes fill the pews on the Sabbath day. One group looks on dully and listlessly, the blank expression on their faces giving mute testimony to the fact that they understand not, nor appreciate the words of the man behind the desk. Misunderstanding, they are apt to go home, disgusted, disgruntled, filled with criticism and fault-finding, missing the spiritual point of the message, and calling the whole discourse a foolish exposition of nonsense!

The other crowd looks on anticipating every forthcoming word! The light in their eyes, the look of appreciation on their faces, the warm hand-shake, the "God bless you!" at the close of the service, all bespeaking the fact that they had appetites that appreciated and enjoyed the food that came from the spiritual storehouse! To these people the Bible is an open Book, God is a God who visits the people on His footstool, and theirs is the ability to distinguish His voice from

thunder. They have not only been born of the flesh, but have been BORN AGAIN! THE NEW BIRTH IS THE ONLY WAY INTO GOD'S FAMILY.

How did you get into your family? By way of being born of the flesh. You testify by your very presence on earth that you were born of the flesh. You have earthly parents. You belong to them. You are a legitimate member of the family by virtue of the birth into the world by your father and mother of the flesh. Nothing can be offered as a substitute for this birth of the flesh. You become a legitimate son or daughter of God, and a member of His family the same way, viz., by being born of God. Properly speaking you are not the child of God until born of His Spirit, for He is a Spirit! Read John 1:10-13, "He was in the world and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name: which were born not of blood nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of GOD!" In the light of this and kindred passages, the old idea that all human family are children of the Almighty, is knocked to "smithereens." The theory of the "universal Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man" is absurd. God's

word assures us there are TWO distinct and separate families on the earth. One family is God's children, the other belongs to the Devil. Hear the word from 1st John the 3rd chapter: "He that committeth sin is of the devil. . . . Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin. . . . In this the CHILDREN OF GOD are manifest, and the CHILDREN OF THE DEVIL." Here are the two families named, and also the heads of the families. God's children are so different from the other group that the Bible says the difference is "manifest," or easily seen by a mere glance. Now do not accuse us of 'judging.' The BIBLE has raised this standard. I merely point you to it. In the light of the scriptures, ANYONE can see that a mighty gulf separates, already, the two families of the earth. The thing that made one family the children of God was by "being born of God." To fail of the spiritual birth is to fail in becoming a child of the King!

THE NEW BIRTH IS AN EXPERIENCE ONE CAN KNOW HAS CERTAINLY OCCURRED. It is plain that one can know that he has been born of the flesh. Contrary to the belief of thousands, one can know just as certainly that one has been born of the spirit. The knowledge of the second birth is as absolute as the knowledge of the

first. The New Birth is a miracle. It is an essential work of grace. It is not such an infinitesimal thing as to come bringing no realization of its arrival. By certain infallible proofs we may KNOW the New Birth has occurred, and that by it, we have been brought into the family of the Almighty! Wonderful knowledge! If it be true that the New Birth is necessary in order that I may become a child of God and have my citizenship in another world, I prefer to possess that knowledge above every other. It is more important than the knowledge of the Sciences. I would rather possess it than to understand the stars. I would rather have the ability to stand and testify that I KNOW myself to be the child of the Great King than to have the voice of Orpheus, to be able to paint like a Michael Angelo, to write like a Shakespeare or orate like a Clay. Thank God we can KNOW! The New Birth, necessary in order that we may see heaven is of so great consequence that I want a knowledge that I possess it, if all other knowledge vanishes away. The Bible tells us we can know. Romans 8:16, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we ARE the children of God." Not to have the witness of this spirit is to confess we belong to the wrong household! Listen, Romans 8:9,



“Now if ANY MAN HAVE NOT the spirit of Christ, he is none of His.”

When we hear of a birth of the flesh having occurred we immediately expect, on making a visit to the home, to see something new. Should the nurse come forth from the parlor bringing grandfather with her and present him to us as the new arrival, we would consider it a joke. No, we expect to see something we have never seen before. A NEW CREATURE fills our expectation, and a NEW CREATURE ONLY! When one is born of the Spirit we may also expect to see something new. Second Cor. 5:17, “Therefore if any man be in Christ he is a NEW CREATURE; old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new.” A new creature. He finds himself loving things he once hated and hating the things he once loved. He is amazed at the wonderful vision he now receives of spiritual things. The mysteries of a thousand puzzling things that have perplexed him for years are suddenly cleared away. He wonders why he was not able to comprehend the things before that now seem so easily understood. He marvels at his friends and neighbors, as when he tells them of his new found experience, they simply look at him with a dazed and curious look. He is apt to forget that he, himself, was only yesterday, as unable to fathom



spiritual things as they! Something has now come to him, foreign to the lives of the unregenerate about him. He has become a peculiar man, in the eyes of the world. The folk think him crazy because he now condemns the card table, the theatre, the rush after the things of the world. What has happened to him? Only yesterday he was with the masses, rushing with common consent after the very things he now loaths! Surely this man has done something more than change his mind, or turn over a new leaf, for he is suddenly filled with a new power and a new life and a new vision and a new desire for new things and new ways. The thing that has come to him is the birth of the Spirit. He has been born of God! He is a twice-born man.

Such an experience is COMMON TO ALL. Do not think God has one way of salvation for the Methodist, another for the Baptist and still a third for the Lutheran or the Presbyterian. The birth of the Spirit and the result of the new birth all bring the same result in the lives of every one who receives it. "If ANY man be in Christ he IS a new creature." No exception here. The text speaks of a common and universal result of the spiritual birth. Do not go strutting about professing to be a child of the King, neighbor, unless you have received the spir-

itual birth. And if you have not lost the old things of your unclean past, and have adorned yourself with the spiritual, you are fooling no person by that profession you make. Old things HAVE PASSED away, and ALL THINGS are become new, if you have been born more than once!

The experience of the New Birth is called Conversion because of the above named reasons. Changed from the old to the new. Living for a different purpose than before. Now used of God, rather than bossed about by society and gold and the things of the world.

Nothing is more plainly revealed in the scriptures than the way to get the glorious experience we have found necessary to every man, if he is to enter the realm of eternal security. In the short verse of Acts 3:19 the way is clearly set forth, as in a nutshell. "Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." It is clearly seen by this verse, that the way into the experience of Conversion is by way of the route of repentance.

No man can enjoy the new birth without taking the trip through repentance. Years ago our train stopped at a station on the side of a great mountain. We were told the next stop was but two miles distant. Mentioning

the fact to the conductor that we were able to see at least fifty miles from where we stood, we could see nothing of the little town in question, we were informed that we were looking in the wrong direction, and that a great mountain separated us from the village only two miles away. Of course the mountain effectually shut out all sight of the town. Men cannot see the fact of Conversion for the same reason. Their iniquities have separated them from God and the things of God until "His face is hid from them." The way into a clear conception of spiritual things is much the same as the way I took that I might behold the village on the other side of the mountain. The train whistled two short blasts as the signal for starting, and we clambered aboard. The porter came through the coach shutting every window and door and transom securely. We were warned not to open a window and look out. Then in another moment the train thundered into the dark bowels of the earth, we were wrapped in total darkness. The smoke from the locomotive crept in through crack and crevice, and amidst the darkness the gases filled our lungs until we were nearly suffocated. We sneezed and coughed and longed for fresh air. The tears poured off our cheeks as the oppressive condition deepened. Finally it seemed we could stand it no

longer, and then, suddenly, at this breaking point, the train thundered out into the brilliant light of noon-day. The train halted for a moment to air out the coaches. We left the coach and found the platform. Such air! We filled our lungs with it again and again. At that elevation of four or five thousand feet above sea level, the air was the most bracing we had ever breathed. Then we noticed the scenery. The great mountain peaks that loomed above us, snow covered, were bathed in the golden light of the sun that shone upon them until they appeared to be overlaid with a glittering and gorgeous blanket of pure gold! Such beauty before our eyes we had never seen! Such an atmosphere we had never lived in before! It passed all power of description. My tongue, neither my pen, can adequately portray the glories of that scene. Thus may we say the soul enters into and enjoys the experience of Conversion. The tunnel of Repentance may indeed be uninviting, and the process of "going through" it may be attended with many tears and a terrible feeling of depression, yet to those who continue in it, there awaits them the glories unspeakable as they complete the journey and come at last into the beautiful city of Conversion! Such air the New Born soul has never breathed. Such scenery they have never before seen!

What a day! All is sunshine and the spiritual atmosphere they now dwell in is laden with the very elixir of eternal life! God's pardoning grace comes upon the hitherto frigid mountain peaks of their heart, and bathes them in an effulgence of inexpressible glory. That which has been hidden by the mountain of their sins, is now standing out in base relief before their delighted vision!

In addition to all these delightful facts, the soul finds the load of guilt rolled off from the soul! This last, is, in itself, enough to make the heart rejoice eternally. Remember the verse last quoted says, not only, "Repent ye therefore and be converted;" but also adds: "That your sins may be blotted out." Thank God, that is what takes place in the life of the one now newly born of the Spirit!

Some years ago, before entering the ministry, while a deputy Clerk of the District Court, I recorded a certain judgment in the judgment book. The work was poorly done. With great haste I had placed the rendering of the court on record, and in addition to my haste, a poor pen which gouged into the sheet insisted on throwing the black ink in every direction over the written page. A poor scribe at best, I looked upon the result of my unwarranted haste, and beheld in the finished product a thing of which I was thor-

oughly ashamed. I pressed the official seal upon the page with many a regret. But the end was not yet, for one after another of the seven attorneys in the town came into my office that day to inspect that judgment book. I lived in constant fear that they would discover the horrible mess I had made on page ninety-two. In answer to their request for permission to inspect the book, I would arise from my chair, slip the book from the shelf, and asking them what judgment they wished to see, would turn to the page desired and let them see the judgment in question. I did not dare allow them to hunt through its many pages for the judgment they desired to see, because I was afraid they would accidentally turn over page ninety-two. But I lived in constant dread also, that day might arrive when some one would ask to see that very judgment of which I had made such a sorry botch in recording. One day there came into the office a young man in a dapper gray suit, who asked my name, and then introduced himself, adding, "I have something here, which I am selling, which—"

I interrupted him declaring positively I did not have time to talk to an agent that morning, and turned again to my work. But he was insistent. He met my every objection with the declaration that he would take



but little time, that his goods were what I needed in my work, etc., etc. Finally I told him to quickly state just what his line of goods was, and I would tell him immediately whether I desired them or not. To my query he replied that he was selling an "ink eradiator." I asked him what good such an article would do me. He replied that in case a mistake was made in writing a letter, check or document, that the writing could be erased or obliterated, and the matter corrected. I thought of the record on page ninety-two, invited him to the other office, took down the huge book and showed him the page.

"Sure, I can fix that," he replied, meeting the question in my eyes.

"Go ahead," I told him, and went away leaving him with what I thought would be an impossible job on his hands. In a minute or two he called me.

"Here you are," he said as I entered the office, and shoved the book toward me for inspection. The page upon which I gazed was perfectly white.

"You are joking me!" I accused him. "This is a perfectly new page!"

"Look up your index!" was his retort.

Hastily comparing the page number with the index number, I opened my mouth in as-



tonishment. "Give me two sets!" I cried, never asking the price.

When he had gone I re-wrote the page. Scarcely had I finished, and closed the book after a self-satisfied look at the finished work, which was carefully and spotlessly written, when in came one of the attorneys with a request to inspect the judgment book. I waved my hand toward the shelf and told him to help himself. No need now for shame, no dread now that page ninety-two would be discovered! If they looked at the page in question, there was nothing on it of which I was ashamed. I took a good sleep that night. I had peace of mind during the days that followed. The book carried nothing that spoke against me.

Neighbor, how about the Judgment book in the skies in which there is a page carrying your name at the top? Is there in it nothing of which you are ashamed? As sure as the Bible is true it does carry much against you, unless its record has been changed through your repentance toward God. Every man has transgressed the law of God. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." All the wrong-doings of your life are written down. Can you go into the presence of God this minute with confidence and without fear? Oh, the uneasiness and the unrest and the trouble and the

weight of guilt the unconverted masses must be carrying! Like a mountain it separates them from the face of the Great King! Would you not like to place your head upon your pillow tonight, friend, and feel that every jot and tittle of the record against you had been obliterated! You may have the consciousness that it is so. If you will repent with a godly repentance and turn from your careless and sinful way, the Blood of the Lamb of God, the great sin eradicator of the universe will blot out every transgression there is recorded against you, removing them as far as the east is from the west, and God will "remember them against you no more forever."

Such a salvation!!! Glorious and marvelous!! Why do not men in legions climb aboard the Salvation Special train, and make the run thru the tunnel of Repentance, and find themselves in a moment at the beautiful city of Conversion, where peace flows like a river, and where joy fills the breast? I give you the reason, Listen! As sure as there is a God who wants to save you, there is a devil that is determined to damn you! Satan's every resource is brought against you to prevent you from taking the route of repentance. He offers substitutes by the hundreds, assuring the troubled soul that his wares are "just as good." He

offers church membership, water baptism, morality, self righteousness, sincere motives, and so on, and multitudes have listened, made themselves believe a lie, and have followed the Arch Deceiver away from the mouth of the tunnel of repentance, and off on the path which winds around the mountain, where flowers grow and where the air is sweet and where the path is easy! Into the by-paths of Russelism, Eddyism, Universalism, Spiritualism they go! They laugh at the old fashioned folk who insisted on riding the train, and enduring the darkness of the tunnel route. But ah! every other path leads to the terrible precipice of despair sooner or later, and the night of eternity falls upon them, a night that is blacker far than any darkness that ever was encountered in the tunnel of Repentance. Lost, forsaken, they stumble on to the rocks that pave the bottom of the awful pit of Woe, and never do they come to the city which stands close to the end of the tunnel thru which the saints of all ages have come to know the beauties of salvation, and the assurance of sins blotted out!

If the candidate will take no substitute, the devil will advise taking the next train. He will remind one there is time enuf yet. Years are to come and go before eternity dawns. Enjoy yourself in the world. Sin

on a few more days and gratify the carnal nature that delights in the things of the earth. When you are old you can step on board and ride thru to safety on the other side! That is the advice of the Devil. It is filled with the essence of hell! Such planning for the destruction of immortal souls has its birth in the slime of the pit! Yet millions now living, are waiting until the future to do the thing that should be done today. "Tomorrow!" is the devils cry. "To-day is the day of salvation!" is the cry of God. To which voice are you listening neighbor? Whose advice are you taking, friend? May God give you common horse sense enuf to see that no man ever gets saved Tomorrow, for Tomorrow never comes!

The realization that you have not been converted, born of the spirit, is all the consciousness you need to know you are LOST! Why await the morrow? Will you be in better shape to yield to God? Will you have a heart more tender than today? Will the fetters of sin by tomorrow be more easily broken? Nay! ! A thousand times Nay! You will never in the future have so good an opportunity of getting right with God as this moment! Will you not step into God's plan right now, and come forward to this next Stop, where God will wipe the tears

from your eyes, and reveal the city you so much desire to see! If you could know what casket would next be purchased in this town, you would come! If you could read the obituary that will fill the columns of your home paper within the year, perhaps you would come! Death is coming, eternity is coming! Will you not race against them, and reach the Tunnel and the City of Pardon just beyond, before too late!!! Hasten! There is safety thru repentance! There is a way to salvation! Kneel with me, right now! The burden will slip away, and the glory will fill you! This is the day appointed for your escape! Will you take it? Come!!

## SANCTIFICATION.

### JOHN 17.

Properly speaking, the "Lords Prayer" is found in the Seventeenth chapter of St. John's gospel. A careful and prayerful reading of this prayer will convince any man that the doctrine of Sanctification is a most important one. Further, a careful study of this chapter will straighten out many a puzzling question in connection with this great truth. So many ideas are advanced, so many varied positions taken by men everywhere, so many interpretations of the doctrine held, that it is indeed blessed to know that the Bible has in it, at least one chapter which sets forth the doctrine with such clearness as to leave any student without an excuse should he place the doctrine unscripturally before the world in the teaching of it to others. Note with me the following very apparent truths.

It is very plain that Jesus is praying for SAVED people, and that the unconverted are not included in this prayer, only in a very indirect way. This fact is evidenced by the following statements of our Lord: In the sixth verse he speaks of the men for whom he is praying as those "which thou

gavest me out of the world." He also adds, "Thine they were, and thou gavest them me; and they have kept thy word." In the eighth verse Jesus reminds the Father, "For I have given unto them the words which thou gavest me; and they have received them, and have known surely that I came out from thee, and they have believed that thou didst send me." The ninth verse settles the matter beyond dispute. Jesus is praying according to his own testimony, for these who are a separate people. "I pray for THEM: I pray NOT for the WORLD, but for them which thou hast given me; for THEY ARE THINE." The tenth verse declares that Jesus is "glorified in them." Finally the truth is pinned, with a nail fastened in a sure place that cannot be moved, by His statement in the twelfth verse, "Those that thou gavest me I have KEPT, and NONE OF THEM IS LOST, but the son of perdition; that the scriptures might be fulfilled." The "son of perdition," here referred to, of course was Judas Iscariot.

It does not take an unusually bright mind to at once conclude that if none were lost except the son of perdition, that all must have been saved, except Judas. In passing, we see here the mighty fact set forth by none other than our Lord, that a man may be lost or saved before passing through the



portals of death and out into eternity! These men were yet alive, yet some are SAVED, and one is LOST! Plainly, the masses are divided into two great families. One great division is LOST, the other SAVED! As I look into your faces tonight, I see you sitting there either a lost man or a saved one. Yet death has not knocked at your door. You still breathe God's pure air and the red blood courses through your veins, and yet as sure as the stars shine in the sky over head, you are either saved or lost before men shall lay you in your coffin. You are either SAVED NOW, or LOST NOW! Saved or lost above ground!

So those for whom Christ prayed were not lost, but SAVED. They were not of the world. They had received the word. They had kept the word. Verse fourteen tells us they were hated by the world, because they were not of it. And now, we find Jesus praying, "Sanctify THEM!"

That these were saved men is a proven fact. Yet according to the prayer of Jesus they are to be sanctified. If they are to BE sanctified, they are not already sanctified, and if not already sanctified, and yet already saved, they are to be sanctified after they were saved, and if this be true their sanctification was to be a SECOND work of grace.

Let us consider now, when this second

work is to take place. All churches seem to agree that one must be sanctified before finally entering a pure and holy heaven. Some make the mistake of teaching that sanctification is attained through a "growth in grace." I believe in a growth in grace. But I believe that no man can grow **IN** grace until grace is had to grow in. Like begets like. The growth is sure to be of the same nature as that from which it grows. To grow holiness, therefore, from a carnal heart is an impossibility. If we are to grow and produce the fruits of holiness and purity, the fountain-head must not contain bitter water. A tree cannot be grown into an orchard. It may grow **IN** the orchard. One cannot grow **INTO** sanctification. One may grow **IN** it. If one grows **IN** it, certain it is one must have it to grow **IN**. But here is where the injustice of the growth theory is seen. If we are to become sanctified by growth, that necessarily involves the matter of **TIME**. It would be manifestly unfair to bestow this blessing as a condition of growth. The man who becomes converted at the age of eighty years would have but a small chance to obtain the work of holiness in his heart, compared with the man who begins the Christian life at the age of twenty years. That is, providing they both die at the age of ninety. As a matter of fact however sanc-

tification is not a matter of addition or of growth. It is a matter of SUBTRACTION. It is not so much a loading up, as it is an unloading. Not so much a taking on, as a putting off. Read the dictionary for the meaning of the word. It speaks of CLEANSING, PURIFYING. It means the old man is to be "put off." It means that the "Body of Death is to be DESTROYED." It indicates that the "Root of bitterness" is to be taken out, that the last remains of Carnality are to be REMOVED!

Others maintain that one is sanctified when converted. The champions of this theory may have received all they possess in line of religion when they were converted, but I have yet to see one of them retain their poise and equilibrium and keep sweet under the tests of life. Carnality still exists within their heart. All churches seem to agree that the remains of sin are in the heart after conversion. Experience also gives ample proof of this. What man is there who can stand and testify before man and God that since conversion he has had no rumblings of carnality within his heart? He cannot be found! THESE SAVED FOLKS, for which Christ is praying here in this wonderful prayer, did not "get it all at once." The Holy Spirit Himself is to come and abide within the heart of the wholly sanctified soul. He

will not come to the unconverted. Read St. John 14:15 to the 24th verses for proof.

Still another class claim the soul is sanctified at death. Jesus prays the FATHER to sanctify. If sanctification is a work of GOD, why is it necessary to await the arrival of death, the grandchild of the devil, before the work can be accomplished? If God can sanctify then, why not NOW? Will He be more POWERFUL then than now? Nay! Jesus settles the question. He reminds the Father that He is leaving the world, but that the men for whom he is praying are to remain IN the world. He is not asking God to take them out of the world, neither to kill them, but to SANCTIFY them. The work is to be done in their case at least, while they are in the flesh, and in this world below; living, breathing, walking men, of flesh and blood!

Sanctification is not a work of grace that merely makes us fit for heaven. It is also, apparently, something good for a man to have to live with on earth.

Christ reveals the reason for His desire of their sanctification. "Sanctify them. . . . that they all may be ONE." Christ here shows that sanctification will bring UNITY. Have you had the idea that sanctification brings discord and controversy? Not if Jesus is correct. I claim He is. If there be

anything that unites and solidifies and fuses together God's people it is the blessing of sanctification! All joining the same denomination will not bring unity. Some of the most disgraceful fights in the world are among members of the same church. A similar mode of water baptism will not do it. Neither a "shoulder-to-shoulder campaign" among the different denominations. It is sanctification that does the work. It is Christ's guarantee.

As an optometrist for years, I made a prolonged study of refraction. I often selected a prism from my trial case, and placing it in the sunlight watched the beam of light that entered the glass disperse as it came out on the other side and reveal every color of the rainbow, as the rays of light into which the beam had been broken, spread themselves into separate places on the wall. Were I to take another prism of the same strength and place it in an inverted position beside the first, so that the deflected rays passed through it, the broken rays would immediately re-unite into the original beam, and continue on their way together. Carnality in the heart, like the first prism tends to divide and to scatter. But let the second prism, Sanctification, be placed in the hearts of men, and, lo! there is a running together without friction again. Unity restored! Why

such division among Christians today? Why such envy and jealousy and other carnal characteristics? They have not yet allowed God to place the power of sanctification within their lives. The second prism, in place, is what they need.

Sanctification is necessary in order to convince the world of the reality of salvation. "Sanctify them. . . . that the world may believe." The unbelief and carelessness in the world about us is largely caused by the failure of God's children to obtain the blessing of entire sanctification, according to this prayer of our Lord.

In addition to convincing the world through the power of the sanctified life, the prayer also goes a step further, in the broad hint that they who receive sanctification from the hand of the Father will also be able to bring some of the world, at least, to a definite KNOWLEDGE. "Sanctify them . . . that the world may KNOW that thou hast sent me."

The argument that the disciples were to be sanctified as a new dispensation was inaugurated, and that the blessing was peculiar to them alone is shattered as we read in the twentieth verse, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word." The converts of the disciples, and those following were



likewise included in this prayer of the Lord.

Now then, as to the accomplishment of the gracious work. That it is a work wrought instantaneously is proven by the fact that Christ prays for their sanctification in the aorist tense, known by scholars of the Greek as the "lightning tense." That this tense shows that the work of sanctification is to be accomplished instantaneously, unlimited by time, is plain. The work was to be begun and finished at a stroke. But what agencies enter into the matter of sanctification.

Christ prayed God the Father to sanctify them. Jude, the first verse, emphasizes the truth that God DOES sanctify, for the epistle of Jude is addressed to those who "are sanctified by God the Father." Romans 15: 16 speaks of the sanctification "by the Holy Ghost." Hebrews declares that Jesus shed His blood that the people might be sanctified. In the seventeenth verse of the Lord's prayer in the chapter under consideration, we see Jesus prayed, "Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth." No need of confusion here. There is a most beautiful harmony in the passages set forth. Just as a man, an engine, a fanning mill and a scoop shovel may all be engaged in the cleaning of seed wheat, God the Father, the Holy Ghost, the Blood of Jesus Christ, and the Word of

God, may all have their part to play in the sanctification of the hearts of men. They all work together in perfect harmony to the perfecting of the wonderful accomplishment of separating from the soul the chaff of uncleanness. God sends the Holy Ghost, in answer to the prayer of Jesus, who purchases the wonderful grace through the shedding of His own blood. The Word is the chart and guide book which directs the soul into the conditions for the obtainment of the blessing.

Had it not been for the Word of God, I fear I never would have received the work in my own heart. I saw too many arguments about me, that discouraged my belief in the doctrine. Many who professed the blessing were great disappointments to me. Their lives contradicted the blessing they professed to possess. But there was one thing I could not discount. That was the Word of God. In it I saw the matter of sanctification so plainly set forth that I realized that if not a single soul in the world possessed heart purity, I was not excused from obtaining the blessing. The Bible demanded holiness of Me at least. I turned my eyes from false professors as well as the scoffer, and with mighty determination began to seek definitely for the "promise of the Father." After three and a

half hours of desperate prayer and consecration, I felt I had reached the very bottom. I felt I could say a "yes" as far reaching as eternity. My faith reached forth, I stood upon the promise. Instantly I was filled with Holy fire, that burned with a glory not of this world, flooding my very being with flood-tides of holy joy! I shouted in great triumph, nor ceased all through the night. Perfect cleansing from all sin was now realized by a personal experience. The blessing had come, and with it the realization that the body of sin had been destroyed. The "Old Man" had been crucified. So clean did I feel within, that I would have been glad to have angels search out every nook and corner of my being. I knew I would be perfectly comfortable were I to be ushered into the very presence of the God of all Heaven!

Webster's dictionary clearly defines sanctification. It has a double meaning. It means to make clean and holy, and also to set apart to a holy use. It will not do to take one meaning to the exclusion of the other. Cleansing and the setting apart to a holy use are yoked together. Sanctification always means all it can mean, as it refers to the thing it touches. The vessels of the temple were sanctified. But as they were inanimate, it cannot mean that they were to be cleansed from sin. Yet they were made as

pure as metal could be made, as all alloy and dross was taken away so that only pure metal was left to be shaped into the precious vessels. Now, being made as pure as they could be made, they were set aside to the use of the temple worship. The man who was ordered to "sanctify himself" in olden times, did all he could to make himself holy. Jesus sanctified himself, according to the 19th verse. But you say it could not mean that he made himself pure, as he was already holy. Exactly, but nevertheless sanctification in His case meant all it could mean. Being ALREADY pure, he set himself aside for the holy purpose of shedding His blood as the lamb, and offered up Himself, acting as Priest, that others might be sanctified through Him! But in the case of God's children today, who are possessed with the carnal heart, sanctification means that their hearts must be made pure, and then because of their righteousness, they are to be set aside for the holy use of God. Not perhaps as pastors, evangelists, and teachers, but to whatever service may please the Heavenly Father. But as His chosen vessels, we are to witness for Him, in whatever place He may choose to place us.

Now in conclusion: We have seen that Christ prayed for SAVED PEOPLE, that THEY might be sanctified. We have shown

that sanctification is not a GROWTH. Also that it is His will to sanctify before the death of the body. It is a grace for the living. That it is not only to make us fit for heaven, (for without holiness no man shall see God) but equips us for life service here on earth. (See Luke 1:74-75). Further, that it comes as an instantaneous work. (Read Acts 2). That in the plan of Jesus it was to bring unity and harmony among the children of God. That because of the experience in the lives of men, the world was to be brought to believe and to know the fact of experimental salvation. If the summary be correct, and I feel the Scriptures verify the statement that it is correct, do you not feel you ought to be immediately a candidate for the work of sanctification in your heart? Do you not see that if through the possession of the blessing, you will be enabled to win those about you for our Lord, your failure to obtain a pure heart will mean that many that would otherwise be saved will be lost, because of your failure to press on unto perfection? If you have any concern for the lost world at all; if you care a "fig" for the souls of your loved ones who now seem so indifferent, so cold, so unresponsive, you will delay no longer, but press into the blessing of holiness, no matter what the consecration that precedes the blessing may cost you! If

you fail to obtain that equipment which makes of men real soul savers for Jesus, you will have the blood of men and women on your skirts at the day of Judgment!

Whittier tells of the Skipper of Iretown, who, in order to receive the prize of gold, sailed heartlessly past the drowning sailors who cried piteously out to him for mercy! To delay long enough to rescue the drowning men, would have lost him the prize that awaited the first fishing boat reaching the harbor. He sailed on, and into the dock. He had won the bag of gold. But the poor man paid most dearly for his folly. The widows, wives and sisters of the drowned men rode him out of town on a rail, and tarred and feathered his body, heaping curses upon him the while. Yet he testifies that the punishment thus inflicted was small compared with the pangs that filled his soul, as ever and always, there came before his eyes the vision of the white hands of the unfortunate men, lifted up to him from the cruel waves! Will you, converted child of God, pass by the multitudes of eternity-bound souls, and allow them to sink into a lost world, because you have some idol you will not sacrifice that will make possible the power to rescue them? "This is the will of God, even YOUR sanctification."



## HELL.

*The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God. Psalm 9:17.*

While the doctrine of eternal punishment for the unsaved is not a popular one, there is no truth set forth in the scriptures with greater clearness and force. The average congregation does not desire to hear sermons on Hell. Preachers quite generally have ceased to preach on the subject. The result has been disastrous to the cause of righteousness. False teachers have taken advantage of the situation and have come upon the scene ridiculing the doctrine of eternal punishment as a silly notion, and have flooded the country with their infidelic literature, which, fulfilling their calculations, has resulted in not only a question mark being placed opposite the fact of a hell, but has converted the masses to a belief that eternal hell is a myth. We see the result of the silence of the pulpit, and the propaganda of the no-hellists, in the manifest carelessness and worldliness and sinfulness of our present evil age. It seems that with the penalty of eternal punishment removed, men feel free to swing to the limit in their ungodliness without fear of retribution. Yet in spite

of the unbelief and scoffing on every hand, and the fancied security of the masses who have hidden in the devilish delusion of false teaching, the fires of hell rage on, unquenched. What a harvest, in time and in Eternity, is the devil reaping because of so-called modern scholarship that twists the Scriptures to suit their infidelic theories, and a gullible public which is always ready to accept some "easy way."

The man busily engaged in repairing the dismal looking property across the way has some reason for so doing. His efforts to make the place look attractive through the agencies of new paint, new paper and calamine, the repairing of the chimney and the clipping of the lawn, brings the natural conclusion that he is getting ready to occupy the property himself, or is arranging for some one else to move in. When any man or set of men are seen zealously endeavoring to take the picture of eternal punishment painted by Jesus the Son of God, as found in Mark 10, and convert it into a sort of flower-garden, we may as readily feel they are trying to make themselves believe a lie, or deceive some other poor soul, for selfish reasons, into slipping into the next world without God. We conclude that someone is about ready to move in.

Beautiful are the arguments the false

teacher presents! Yet you may do well to remember that after he has said his last word, a child can take his very line of argument with which he has so successfully proven no eternal punishment, and prove just as logically that there is no eternal heaven! The same adverb that describes the length of eternal bliss, is used to tell of the length of punishment. If there be no eternal hell, there is no eternal heaven. If one exists eternally, so does the other.

The spokes in a wheel diverge from the hub. So, in the last analysis, the many arguments against eternal punishment, spring from a common source. That fountain-head is in the claim that God is too good to allow eternal suffering in hell. But it is far easier to understand why God allows this, than to understand why He allows thousands of innocent children to starve in Russia, the massacre of innocents at the hand of the Turk, the broken hearts of millions of guiltless women and children who have lost husband and father in a world war!

In our own country we see indescribable suffering on every hand. The tenement districts cry aloud of utmost misery. Unheated rooms, insufficient clothing, underfed babies, hungry children! Yet you say God is good! And I believe it! The barons of white slavery ply their dirty trade, gather-

ing into the maelstrom of vice one pure girl every eight minutes to feed the hungry mouth of the lust evil. Thousands of them are going down to ruin, to sorrow, to shame, entrapped through no fault of their own, and spend their short lives in the prison house of sin, literally pouring out floods of tears upon the pavements they walk in agony. Yet God is good, and He allows that! Neighbor, it is much harder for me to explain why God allows the innocent to suffer on year after year, than to explain why God allows endless suffering in a hell where no innocents walk the hot flag-stones of the pit, but where only the guilty are found!

Friend, while you argue on the love of God, remember too that He is a God of Justice and of Wrath! He manifests Himself unto men as surely as a God of wrath as a God of Love. True, His love is the first manifestation of the Almighty we see, but when His affection is spurned, His love rejected, His offers of mercy refused, His Bible held in contempt, a manifestation of His WRATH is next in order.

Look at the cities of the plain, buried deep beneath cruel lava from the heavens! There is a manifestation of His WRATH! Look at the fate of the autediluvian world! They turned away from the faithful preaching of Noah, to incur the WRATH of God! Look

at the Johnstown flood, which broke in upon that Pennsylvania city after the people had hissed and hooted and abused the street preacher who stood upon her thoroughfares warning men to repent! When the authorities finally reached the limit of jailing the servant of God and thus hushing his message of truth, God allowed the waters to come down the valley like a wall of brass, sweeping a host into eternity. It was another manifestation of the WRATH of God!

Mention might be made of the Hinkley, Minn., fire; of the Galveston tidal wave; of the San Francisco earthquake; of the disaster on Martinique island. You may say that these great catastrophies "just happened," but I say they were evidences of the WRATH of God! These things, among many that I could name, are proof that Romans 1:18 means what it says: "The WRATH OF GOD is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness!"

God is a God of Love FIRST, but a God of WRATH, FINALLY! To know Him as a God of love, one must reciprocate His love. There must be an appreciation of His mercy, His providences, His great plan of redemption. To reject His truth, to spurn His grace, to treat with contempt His every ef-

fort to save you, is to incur a visitation of His terrible WRATH!

If He be ONLY a God of Love, why FEAR Him? The Bible tells us to fear Him. If He is not worthy of FEAR, He is not worthy of love! If He, as God, makes laws, but attaches no penalty for the breaking of them; if He issues commandments, saying, "Thou shalt," and "Thou shalt NOT," and yet never evidences either pleasure when men obey, and displeasure when men rebel, what sort of a Being is He? Nay! It was even Jesus, the great manifestation of His love, that speaks also of an eternal hell, a place of eternal punishment. In the tenth chapter of Mark, again and again, and still again, he speaks of a hell, where the "worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched!" He warned the holiest men then on earth that it were better to be a sightless, handless, and footless cripple, a spectacle of physical bankruptcy on earth, than to be a citizen of the place he himself called HELL. Aye, Jesus Christ the Son of God, gave us to understand that hell is more than a grave in the cool earth, measuring only three feet wide and seven feet long, and a few feet deep. Would the Son of God frighten his disciples with scare-crows! Had he time to use a lot of superfluous language in waving a misrepresentation before their eyes. Do you contend



that Christ was a common liar? Did he not mean what he said? "Pastor" Russell may convince you to your satisfaction, but give me the Bible and I will believe the utterances of Jesus Christ. All the blasphemous attacks on the old Book will avail nothing. Men may conjure delusions and pity the believer in the doctrine of hell, but all their vomit of scorn and unbelief will never cool the fires of hell. As they swing out into the hands of an angry God they will find the eternal fires still unquenched. You may say that the doctrine of eternal punishment is very distasteful to you, and because of loved ones who have passed over the Great Divide without salvation, that you do not want your feelings hurt; but, neighbor, the man who tells you the truth on this matter is your friend. He values your soul above your feelings. What you need is not more false comfort, not more soothing syrup! You need a revelation of your poor, blind, unbelieving, deluded, lost soul! You need to smell the brimstone of the pit. You need to hear the wails of the damned. Wake up! Return to the faith of your fathers! Embrace the Book that God wrote instead of those yellow pages that were written for the gold of men! As sure as there is a topless heaven, there is a bottomless and eternal hell!

Where is Hell? The text locates it accurately. Some say it is in the bowels of the earth. Others that it is in some far-away planet. But for all practical purposes the location the text gives is sufficient. Read the text! "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." The text declares that hell is at the **END OF A FORGETFUL OR WICKED MAN'S LIFE!** In order to arrive at the eternal prison house of the damned, all you have to do to assure your finding it, is to continue in your wickedness. "The wicked shall be turned into hell!" Keep up your sinning. Continue your Sabbath-breaking. Keep on stealing and lying. Perpetuate your worldliness. Live on in your hypocrisy. You cannot miss the way. Follow the crowd. Watch the steps of the man who is unclean and licentious and wicked. He is going to hell. **ALL** the **WICKED** are going to Hell. But did I hear you say you are not to be classed with thugs and thieves and cursers and the gang that lives in the gutter? Ah, listen neighbor, the text continues, "and all the nations that **FORGET GOD!**" Does that take you in? You have not gone the limit in wickedness. But are you a "God-forgetter?" If you are, you are going with **NATIONS** of others in a mass movement to hell. This is the day when almost every one seems to be

living without a thought of God. Engrossed in pleasure, in business, in money-making, in worldliness, regiments have no time to think of God. They forget God on Sunday. They forget God on prayer meeting night! They forget His love and his plan of salvation. They forget His directions unto the haven of refuge. They ride on paying no attention to the sign-boards that line the highway of life, and the "Thou shalt," and the "Thou shalt nots" of the Book are disregarded! Ah, careless soul, you may pass the red lights of danger. You may forget God. But as surely as the vile and the filthy roll, a slimy multitude, into a dismal hell, you and your crowd are sure to arrive on schedule time and you will have them for your associates throughout the ages. "How shall we escape if we NEGLECT so great salvation?" The Word propounds the question, but no answering voice ever responded. There is no reply to be given. There IS no escape from hell, if we forget, if we neglect, if our carelessness continues! Will you not halt right now, and take time to REMEMBER GOD before it is too late?

Hell was not made for man. It was made for sin. It is a great Penitentiary of the Universe into which God shall place the arch enemy of heaven. Sin will not obey God. The devil is the sworn enemy of the Al-

mighty. The followers of the General of the hosts of hell are Legion! Every rebel must be imprisoned. Heaven would not be a safe place to dwell in, were it not so. But God undertakes to prevent another occurrence of a revolution such as was born of Lucifer ages ago. Nothing that defileth shall ever enter the gates of that eternal city of life and light. Should sin be allowed a foothold in that White City, it would soon be a place of tears. But it shall not be. God has decreed that it shall stay outside in the prison house of hell, and thank God it is so! You do not have to go to hell. God has been trying to save you from hell all your life. He has worked through the ages, ever since man fell, pouring out His light, and calling men away from the whirlpools of sin. He has sent prophets and judges, and teachers. He has sent His only begotten Son, He has given us Bibles, accurate guide books to the skies. And will you go to hell in spite of all this? If you go you will go against the plan and the will of God! You will be lost because you would not be saved. May God have mercy on you!

God did not prepare hell for man. Jesus said, "I go to prepare a place for YOU." It was of mansions, of joy, of peace, of eternal life He spoke. Will you miss the place God has prepared for you, and have a "To Rent"

sign tacked on your mansion in the skies, while you wander in the darkness of hell?

What will be the condition of a soul in hell?

He will go to hell with all his faculties alert. No need to argue that when one dies he dies like the horse. Man, possessed with an immortal soul, lives on. The rich man in hell lifted up his eyes, he heard the voice of Abraham, he felt the pangs of suffering, he had the sense of taste for he longed for a drop of water. He had the power of memory. He remembered his brothers unsaved, coming after him. He remembered the good things he had enjoyed in life. A man LIVES after DEATH! He MUST live. He would die if he could, but he cannot die. He may pray for it, he may grasp after it, but the privilege of dying will never be given him. His memory lashes him. The thought of grace offered and refused, of tears shed in his behalf, of invitations brushed aside. He remembers sermons he once heard on earth. He remembers the family Bible. He remembers revivals he attended. Altar scenes live again before him. Shining faces of new-born men and women haunt him. He remembers that the Holy Spirit plead with him to surrender. He remembers how he stiffened his neck and hardened his neck and braced his shoulders and said "No!" And

now he remembers that between him and heaven an impassable gulf is fixed eternally, and he has traded eternal life in heaven for tears and remorse and punishment in a devil's hell! He is ridiculed by the imps of hell. The devil mocks him. The forces of the pit join in condemning him as a fool. Yet he could have been saved, instead of lost!

The appetites and desires that possessed him will remain a part of his soul forever. On earth these could in a measure be gratified, but not now. The craving will be terrible, but the food for the appetite will forever be withheld. The toes of the dancer may desire the floor of the dance hall, the drunkard may long for his liquor, the tobacco-user the plug, but all in vain.

Hell will be a place where the soul has lost the beauties of nature forever. We are in a world of beauty here. The stretches of prairie, the wooded slopes, the green valleys, the stately mountains all bedecked with flower and shrub; the rippling brooks, the mirrored lakes, the bouyant ocean will be seen no more forever. The songs of earth will be hushed forever. The chirping of the squirrel, the warbling of the woodland birds, the music of the ocean, the laughter of the stream, the breeze-made hymns sung in tree-top and clover field, the ringing of church bells, the majestic choruses of songs of sal-



vation, the laughter of children, and the prattle of infants, alike will be a part of another world the soul has lost eternally!

Not only will the soul in hell be tormented by memory, but in addition there will be a torment of despair. There is nothing but despair in hell, for there is no hope there. NO HOPE! Can you imagine what that means? Here, in this world, we are told to rejoice in hope, but in hell the soul has no hope in which to rejoice. He is lost eternally. The towering walls of the prison of the damned will never crumble with age, the lock in the mighty door will never rust out, the place of the redeemed will never merge with the dwelling of the lost. Christ records Abraham as reminding Dives that between hell and heaven there is a great gulf FIXED! Not a *temporary* arrangement, but a *permanent* and *eternal* chasm which can never be bridged. The citizen of the regions of the lost will never make a journey to see his saved neighbor again. Likewise the blood-washed will never invade the precincts of lost souls! "They CANNOT PASS," declares the WORD.

While a county officer I visited a State Penitentiary. In a cell occupied by one of the inmates, I read these words scratched on the cement wall: "HOPE, THE PRISONER'S FRIEND." I asked the man what he

had to hope for. He replied that he lived in the hope that when four more years had gone by, he would stand, a free man outside the iron gate, and have the privilege of going home to his wife and three babies. I turned away with misty eyes. Down the corridor the warden motioned me to a door behind which a "lifer" was imprisoned. I spoke a few words to him telling him his life must be altogether miserable as he lived on realizing that he must live and die within those stone walls. To my surprise he responded that he did not intend to live and die there. He felt confident, he said, that his friends working on the outside would be able to influence the Governor and the board of pardons, that liberty should be given him. I turned from this second man reminded that while he had a slim chance of gaining his freedom, his desperate clinging to the one ray of hope was the only thing that prevented his condition from becoming unbearable. But the man who finds himself behind the great doors of hell's slimy pit, has ABSOLUTELY NO HOPE! Most fearful thought! Ages may come, may go. The stars may fade, the sun consume itself. Worlds may be manufactured and unbuilt a grain of sand at a time. Yet forever and a day every ray of hope will be denied an entrance to the dark cells of hell!

Prayer will not be answered in hell. Like Baal, the god of the false prophets on Mt. Carmel answered not the cries and screams of those who prayed unto him, no god will answer the prayer that ascends from the Cavern of Despair. The imp-surrounded and tortured soul may lash himself with instruments of punishment, may measure his length again and again on merciless beds of spikes; he may cry and groan and toss, but the only answer to his supplications will be the fearful echoing of his own wailing voice.

I will do my praying **HERE**, neighbor! Here the soul may drop at a plank altar and receive an answer from heaven in a moment. Here in response to his asking, will rich blessings flow down from the treasury of the skies. Is it any wonder we exhort men to pray? Why should we, who know that God will hear and answer prayer, not tell the story to others who are needy? Why should we allow them to pass unwarned into a world where the dark mountains of woe echo back to the ears of the lost, every cry that falls from the lips? Neighbor, I have seen enough answers to prayer in my labor for God in this world, to encourage me to believe that **YOUR** prayer will be heard and answered. Have you ever prayed? Have you ever plead your cause in the name of Jesus Christ? Have you ever claimed the

Blood of the Lamb, as the atonement for YOUR sins? If you have not, will you not do it NOW?

If you go to hell you will lose your loved ones—or worse. A woman told me one time she did not want to be converted. She said her husband had died unsaved, and she wanted to go to him wherever he was in eternity. I told her she knew not what she was saying and gave her the following to convince her: After I had surrendered to the call to the ministry the devil brought me to the place where he about had me convinced that the call was only a test, and now that God saw that I was WILLING, He would not compel me to actually preach. In this condition of mind I fell asleep one night. I scarcely had lost consciousness when some dark unseen power pulled me from my bed, ushered me across the darkness of surrounding fields in spite of my struggling, and took me rapidly down a long incline until a towering wall was reached. As we came to it a mighty door swung open and I was thrust inside. I saw at once I was in hell. I turned to flee back, but the door was slammed in my face. I was seized by mocking imps and rushed on over hot sands that blistered my feet, toward a tossing, rolling, sea of blue-red flame. The cries of lost souls in awful chorus came from the midst of the burnings.

At the very shore we halted. I plead for deliverance. I was reminded that I had refused it. A bellowing voice roared like a peal of thunder in my ears. It said hell's lake was full and to put no more souls into its boiling waters until its borders were enlarged. I was immediately loosed, and ran as fast as my shaking knees would allow me, to the shelter of a huge black rock. Behind its slimy protection I crouched in remorse and fear. Suddenly a great cry arose, and I peered forth from my hiding place. A mighty army of beings, among whom I recognized an old acquaintance, were charging frantically across the hot stretch of shore toward a towering black wall some distance from where I stood. I watched them as they halted at its base which met the edge of the boiling lava of the terrible lake of fire. They fell to work on the sides of the rock with violent energy. My eyes soon became accustomed to the semi-darkness and I was able to distinguish what they were doing. They were building a ladder to the top! In an incredibly short time the topmost workman threw away his pick, and I saw him clamber hastily over the top. Others followed in rapid succession. I gave a cry of joy. They had discovered a way of escape! I plunged from the shelter of the rock and ran with all my might to the mass of people who were

fighting for a place on the ladder. Fighting my way to its base, I secured a foothold on the rude stairway, and climbed madly after those who had preceded me. A few steps up, and there was a halt. Those above lifted their voices in a cry of terror. Looking up I saw the reason for the fearful wail. A regiment of scarlet-red imps had rushed upon those who had reached the top, and were now in the act of throwing them, with screams of glee, into the liquid sea. We flung ourselves from the ladder to the rocks below. Hastily, and with trembling, I sought my shelter beside the great rock from which I had rushed shortly before. As I slipped into hiding, the mass of unfortunates rushed by me toward the opposite wall. They were soon engaged in building another stairway up its black sides. I knew that again their effort to escape would end in bitterest disappointment.

Sick at heart, and realizing that no man cared for my soul, I wished my wife might be there to comfort me by her presence. No sooner had I made the wish than she stood beside me. Her terror-filled eyes met mine. I spoke her name. Like a tigress she sprang at me, cursing me as the agent of her lost condition! She had followed my advice, she had walked in the way that I, as a husband, had mapped out, and now that pathway had



led her to hell! I groaned and broke from her hands, and ran across the hot sands until I fell exhausted. She sank beside me, gasping for breath. "Oh, how long must this last?" she asked me. I could only shake my head. A harsh voice beside us said, "Look!" The devil stood near, pointing to the opposite wall. Looking, we saw across the flaming sea, and on the face of the cliff that arose from its western shore, a great clock dial with mighty hands stretched across its face. Men and women were standing on the hands, others suspended below were trying to move them across the dial. An army was using levers in an effort to swing the great pendulum which hung beneath. But in vain. At the moment of apparent success men would lose their hold and drop with terrible screams into the lake below. The pendulum would move to dead center. It was a hopeless task. The great clock would never record a minutes time. Time had passed! A chorus of disappointment boomed in our ears from a thousand thousand despairing voices! Finally the devil spoke again. "When the hands on the dial go a billion times around, eternity will just begin to dawn!" he said.

My wife swooned away with a terrible groan. I threw up my hands in utter despair! But as I threw my hands aloft, I felt

something actually cool touch my palms. I clutched the thing with all my strength. It was smooth, about two inches in diameter, and felt like an iron bar. I slid my hands along it, to see where it was fastened, and from whence it came. Suddenly I felt something that was soft and warm, like a blanket. I investigated further, until suddenly I touched a meshwork of metal resembling the spring on a bed. Next I touched a thick pad which resembled a mattress. Of course it could not be for I was in hell! I dared not hope for such fortune. I dared not open my eyes to look, for I knew only disappointment would be mine to suffer. But I finally gained enough courage to open my eyes ever so slightly, and peep out between the eye-lids. Glorious sight, almost unbelievable! I saw the early light of day shining through the window at the foot of my brass bed. I was on the earth! Alive! Not in Hell! I sprang from the bed in haste. A thought struck me. My experience surely meant something. Perhaps my wife had died! I reached for her arm, it was soft and warm. I listened to her heavy breathing. Yes, she was still with me! I called her name frantically. Partly awake, she gave a drowsy response. Earnestly I asked her if she was perfectly sure she was saved, sanctified, and ready to meet God were He to call her into

eternity that moment. She replied, "Why, of course I am; let me sleep!" In another moment she was slumbering as peacefully as before. But no sleep for her husband! On his knees, beside that bed, he remained in prayer and thanksgiving, until the matter of Christian service was settled forever! Since that day God has had a preacher-man on His hands. His trials have been many, but thousands have bowed at the altar under his ministry, and have found God precious to their souls. To God be ALL the glory!

Are you desirous to meet your loved ones who have swept out into eternity without God?— Change your plans! Better for them and for you, that you see them no more, if that next meeting must be in hell! God forbid that you spend an eternity in an agony filled hell, where ever and always those who have loved you on the earth, shall heap their curses upon you, reminding you forever that through your example and influence they made the wrong choice, and found on the other side of the Gates of Death, a Hell, instead of a Heaven! As for me, I will choose heaven, although every friend and earthly relative insist on going the broad path to destruction!

Hell is not a "far away" place. Since the text declares it to be at the end of a forgetful or wicked life, it may be only a heart's

beat away from you this moment. You may be sure of some things, but you are NOT sure of another minute of life. You may, if you are unsaved tonight, be in hell before morning. A skip of the heart beat, a snapping of the brittle thread of life that separates you from death, and you have swung out into a hopeless Hell! How dare you, realizing all this, trifle and flirt with Time? Do you not know that Time is your friend? To refuse the salvation which Time extends just now, may mean to be suddenly captured by your enemy, Death, and to be hurled into Eternity, where Time never enters!

How awful will Hell be! No wonder Jesus said it were better for a man to go handless, footless, eyeless through life, and keep on the narrow path, than to keep the parts of his body intact, and finally sink into Hell! A Hell, where the "worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched!" Friend, if your hand cannot refrain from touching the forbidden things of this world, better for you that it be cut off. If your feet insist on walking the by-paths of sin, better you lose them. If your eye must rest on things it ought not to see, better your eye sockets be empty! So declared the Lord Jesus to the holiest men then on the earth.

Are you ready for Eternity? Suppose this were the day of Judgment. Suppose today

the wicked were to be turned into Hell, together with all those that forget God. Have you a word of defense to offer as you stand in the presence of the Judge of all the Earth? Would you plead your sincerity, your good works, as sufficient grounds for exemption from Hell? Nay! You are aware that the Book warns men that "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." John 3:3. You have heard over again and again, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish!" You know well that Acts 3:19 commands, "Repent ye therefore and be converted that your sins may be blotted out!" Would you ask God for mercy? No, you would not! Mercy is what you have REFUSED! The dove of mercy has flown to your heart again and again. You waved aside every offer, stubbornly refused every invitation. Mercy has flown from you to give place to justice. The harvest is past and you are not saved. Would you plead that you were not warned? If so, from the assembled hosts God would call forth this preacher-man to witness against you. I have done my best to warn you. I have painted the condition of an eternal Hell as faithfully as I can. I have not preached for your money, nor to tickle your ears, neither to give you false comfort. Others may have done so, but before God you cannot accuse

me of compromising on the matter. You are a warned man.

Would you declare that lack of time prevented you from obtaining salvation? Foolish man! It will be useless. You have lived years, months, thousands of hours, hundreds of thousands of minutes, and had you used even ONE SINGLE MINUTE, out of all those millions that have slipped by, in earnest seeking for forgiveness and pardon, you could have been saved. Yes, just ONE little minute of real repentance, holy determination, a reaching out of faith in God, of trust in His promise, would have brought into your heart the consciousness of rightness with God. A calm, like unto that calm on Galilee, after the Master had stilled the tempest, would have flooded your soul, taking the place of anxiety and tumult, of fear and wretchedness!

Neighbor, you ought to be thankful you are not in Hell. That you are alive, this side of the grave and eternity. You may be lost and hell-bound, true; but you have the opportunity of getting saved and getting on the way that leads heavenward. Turn from your sins! Use this minute you have to get right with God. You may never have another minute. Tomorrow will not do as well as today! No soul ever got saved tomorrow, for tomorrow never comes! There is



mercy knocking at the door of your heart, the invitation of angels, the wooing of the Holy Ghost, the conviction on your own heart are all combining to make it easy for you to settle the matter right—and to settle it right NOW! To turn aside the opportunities of life, will leave you, like the man without the wedding garment, without an excuse for your lost condition in the day of Death and Judgment! Hell is a place of outer darkness, filled with weeping and gnashing of teeth! Heaven is a place of eternal light, filled with the shouts of the saved, and the rejoicing of angels! Choose ye! Kneel right now before a merciful God! Let us pray!

## THE JUDGMENT.

*"And the times of this ignorance, God winked at (overlooked); but now commandeth all men, everywhere, to repent: Because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men in that he hath raised him from the dead." Acts 17:30-31.*

*"For we shall all stand before the Judgment seat of Christ. For it is written, As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess to God. So then, every one of us shall give an account of himself to God." Romans 14:10-12.*

*"And as it is appointed unto man once to die, but after this the Judgment." Heb. 9:27.*

It is a true saying, that "half the world does not know how the other half lives." The human family is broken up into groups, each group doing certain things that are peculiar to themselves alone. In my evangelistic work I have visited the country from one side to the other, and discover that man is engaged in doing a thousand different things. Some are raising oranges and lemons and apricots on the western coasts, whole

cities seem to be limited to the work of mining alone, other groups are farming only, still others are seen working up forests into commercial products. Many live daily in the shop and the factory, and yet part of the race is seen daily confined to the office or the store. But the scriptures state that there will a day arrive, in fact it is already appointed, in which the whole world must give an account of itself to God! A common engagement ahead for us all !

There is no doubt but that day will come. God does not make appointments only to break them. Appointments made with our fellowman may be forgotten and disregarded, but God has set a day ahead, chalked down on the calendar of the skies, and every man and woman and boy and girl drawing breath today, and those who have died before us, shall be called to face Jesus Christ and give an account on that fearful and inevitable day!

As in the "Parade of the Nations," that took place in Chicago in the year 1893, at the beginning of the great world's fair, when representatives from every nation under the sun paraded before the great reviewing stand of the President of these United States, men and women, young and old, of every color and every tongue and from every nation, and every zone, will march into the

presence of the Judge of the whole earth, and allow His all seeing eye to rest upon them. Like the sands of the sea in number, the human family of all ages will arrive on schedule before the judgment seat of Christ. They will be from jungle and plain and mountain and valley. From the frozen North to the Ice-bound South, and from the far East and the distant West, from the islands of the sea, and from the graves of the briny deep, the whole earth shall be as an open sepulchre, belching out the long since dead, and the multitude will move as a mighty army into Judgment!

No substitute will be permitted to go in your stead to answer for your life. You may hire others with your gold, or induce others by your smiles, to do the things that are to you distasteful in this life, but others cannot answer for you on that day. God has an appointment with YOU, and YOU must, as Matthew 12:36 declares, give an account of yourself in person before the Great God!

Fearful day for the Liar! The man who has slipped off so easily on so many occasions because of his glib tongue and deceiving speech! Miserable day when he who has congratulated himself on his brilliancy in dodging high taxes through his ability to undervalue his property steps into Judgment. Woe unto that man who has

lied himself out of the clutches of the law by an untruth, when the evidence against him was only circumstantial. Shame will be heaped upon the individuals who have misrepresented their wares to make a sale, whether that individual be the woman in the millinery store who declared the hat in question looked "perfectly lovely" or the merchant who sold shoddy for virgin wool. Woe to the preacher who lied to his congregation Sabbath after Sabbath, and made them believe that they were ready for heaven, when his Bible denied the very utterances of his lips! Disgraced forever those who have lied through their flattery and compliments, and whose soft words of deceit led trusting hearts to the traps of the devil and the pitfalls of hell!

A fearful day it will be for the slanderer of character. For years their tongue rolled out misrepresentation, and their very soul revelled in the tag of suspicion they succeeded in tacking to the person of others. Their perpetual blackmailing, and tongue lashing, and slimy gossip was a load too heavy for the attacked one to bear. They went down and out with a crash, and the gossipier tittered with delight at their fall. But listen, the Judgment day has come—and the tongue-smiter is on the way to give an account.

The thief will be there to render his account! Those who have driven their sharp bargains, and have accumulated their comfortable fortunes by tilting the bar on the scales their way will be at the Judgment. Those who have branded the other man's cattle with the wrong brand, and those who have short-changed the conductor, and those who have ridden free on the train, and those who beat the stock-buyer, will all have a chance to confess their dishonesty in public! Church members who have underpaid their pastors, and at the same time pocketed God's own tithe, will be there with their stolen gold, making futile attempts to throw it away but without success. The gold that would have blessed a lost world, and brought light to the heathen, and salvation to dying men, is now a burning weight of shame to the greedy make-believe Christian who now stands withered and ashamed in the presence of the Man who gave His LIFE for the soul of the miser before Him.

The Sabbath Desecrater will be there to confess. God's Holy Day, was his HOLIDAY! He was found on the golf links, or at the tennis court or the ball diamond on the Sabbath. He was seen with his dog and gun, crossing the green fields, or perhaps by the river with his line and bait. Often in his automobile he spent the day riding on the



splendid turnpikes far and wide. His pew in the old church was vacant. His pastor was broken-hearted as he saw the empty seat where his careless church member ought to have been found. And now—after the doctor has gone and the nurse has been dismissed, he finds himself riding into the presence of the Christ whose law he has broken, and whose love he has trampled upon! Awful day for you, Sabbath-breaker, but it is coming more surely than the sunset!

Why continue to name those who shall stand in the presence of the Great Judge? There will be the careless, the indifferent, the pleasure-loving, the worldly-minded, the skeptic, the infidel, the destructive critic, the coward who had not the courage of his convictions, but like a jelly-fish, lay inactive and grovelling in the palm of public opinion. There will be the adulterer, the sensual, the wrecker of homes, the breaker of hearts, the seller of souls. The hypocrite, the formalist, the mocker of truth, the rejecter of the gospel. All will be there. There is no escape, and amid flashing lightning and rolling thunders and falling stars and a rocking universe, and a wailing like the tempest from the innumerable company of despairing and hopeless souls, the cases will be tried, verdicts rendered, and for the first time on the consciousness of millions will be

indelibly printed something of what eternity means!

Life here below is but a passing breath. A few days, and the span of our living is reached and crossed forever. We see a few days, sing a few songs, laugh and smile for a moment, make a few friends and perhaps many enemies, enjoy the things of life for a season, and then the Grim Reaper overtakes us, cuts us off from the land of the living, and then—ETERNITY! Who can measure it? Who can describe it? To tell of its length by pen would wear every pen point out, cause every ink factory to exhaust its product. Even though the oceans were great ink wells, filled to the brim, the ink they contained would be insufficient to give upon the written page a faint conception of the great beyond we call eternity. Yet into it men are plunging, having lived and died without the preparation God declares necessary, if the soul is to meet Him in peace.

Man will be requested to give a detailed account of himself before the flaming throne of the Great Judge. Matthew tells us that even "every idle word that man shall speak, he shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment." Do not say you cannot remember the wrong doings of your life. Every unrighteous act and thought will spring to the lips as the mouth is opened before

Him. Memory is a marvelous thing. In a sense man never forgets. The right circumstance will generally bring back the long forgotten past.

Feats of memory are surprising. I know an Indiana man who can name every post-office in three States! While holding a revival in the Immanuel Baptist Church at Detroit, Michigan, I attended, with the pastor of the church, a gathering where a man performed the marvelous feat of calling off more than a quarter of a hundred names with an associate number. The thing of added mystery was that while the names were called off and the numbers written down on a blackboard behind his back, he spent the time talking and playing with a baby sitting opposite him. A hotel clerk called off my name asking me if I wished the same old room I had occupied before, and this as I approached his desk after an absence of three years, and at that, having spent but one night, between trains, at his lodging house. And YOU will remember, amazingly, at that great day! Like the phonograph records that lay unused for years, only to send forth the sounds they recorded in the misty past, your thoughts and your words and your deeds will flash with terrible emphasis before you and before the Judge on that appointed time of reckoning.

Oh, that man had the privilege of forgetting! The loss of mind is counted one of the most unfortunate of all misfortunes that can befall mankind in this life, but in the next world, at the day of judgment, if a single prayer could be answered, the petition for loss of memory would be such a universal prayer that the heavens would echo with a mighty thundering from the cries of those who would fain forget the sins of their lifetime. But it cannot be. Coming thick and fast will surge memory upon memory, of prayers that went to heaven for you, of tears that were shed on account of your waywardness, of sermons that rang in your ears, of the tug and wooing of the Holy Ghost as conviction settled upon you. You will remember the ringing of church bells, the rustling of Bible leaves, the privileges and opportunities that lined your pathway, the extended grace, the offers of mercy, the close proximity to a mourner's bench, the ringing invitation to salvation. You will remember the times you rejected, the times you stiffened your neck and hardened your heart and turned away. Your memory will be filled with echoes of the "No" that fell from your lips. And now, it is too late to turn back. The doors of time are shut, the lock is turned, the key is lost in the whirlpool of the ages, and you are adrift on the

sea of Eternity,—and now you are to give an account!

Yet, should man forget, let me remind you that God has a record book in the skies in which a history of the life you have lived is written down. There are no mistakes made on its pages. Its accuracy is beyond question, and should you stand in the judgment before its open pages you would be compelled to admit its accusing record to be true.

Years ago, when the railroad companies passed their ruling that their employes should abstain from all intoxicating liquors, a general roundup of evidence against the rule-breakers was set in motion. In every bar-room detectives were stationed, equipped with kodaks concealed on their person. The unsuspecting engineer who had slipped in the side door to the place, would look about, and seeing no familiar face would order his whiskey and toss it down, and slip to the street congratulating himself that he could not only secure a drink without interference, but hold down his job at the same time. But alas for his fancied security! As he arrives for work the next day, the bulletin board has a notice posted, which orders him to the office of the superintendent. Even now as he goes he makes himself believe that the interview will mean a promotion. He stands before the superintendent's desk with an air of

confidence. The boss smiles a "good morning" and invites him to a near-by chair. Says the superintendent, "You know, Jim, about the ruling on liquor drinking?" "Yes?" "Well, I wondered if you did. I just wanted to ask you this morning if you ever indulge?" Immediately Jim denies that he is a victim of the habit. "Why, Superintendent," he replies, "I dare not touch a drop. I have a very responsible position. To drink would mean that I might get so brain heavy that I would run past the red lights and perhaps take my train into a blind siding somewhere. Oh, no, I never touch the stuff. I can't run the chance of wrecking trains and killing people who have intrusted themselves to my care. No, I never touch a drop."

"Glad to hear it," replies the superintendent. "By the way, would you tell me what you think of this?" And he draws from his desk an album, and opens the leaves to a certain place, and hands the book to the engineer. As Jim looks upon the page before him, his astonished eyes meet a kodak picture of no one on earth but himself standing in "Dan's Place," with a glass of whiskey in process of consumption. What can he do? Nothing. In silence he hands the album back to his employer and admits, "You have got me!"

Neighbor, God has been in the snap-shot



business long before the railroads. Years ago, centuries ago, ages ago, God began taking snapshots of every act and every thought of the human family. As David reminded Solomon, "God searcheth all hearts and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts!" And friend, God has been taking snapshots of you ever since the day you came to the age of accountability. Whether that sin was committed at home or in the distant city, whether in daylight or after nightfall, that thing you did is set down in God's great photographic gallery, and on the day of judgment the series of your acts will pass before you like the pictures on the screen reproduced by the motion picture machine. Don't congratulate yourself that it is not so. There will be no mistake. There is no easy way out of it. No path you can take to avoid it. The Judgment is set for YOU, and to it, and to the records it holds you are even now on the way. Don't congratulate yourself with the idea that God does not know, or that God has forgotten, or that the records may be lost. God is a God of Justice as well as a God of Love. In the interests of absolute Justice, it is necessary that every jot and tittle of the evidence be preserved. Your sins may not be discovered while you are in this world, you may by your cunning throw all suspicion off the scent, but

God KNOWS and HE HAS THE RECORD, KEPT UNTO THAT DAY OF JUDGMENT. You may fool your pastor, and your wife and your children, and your neighbors. You cannot fool God. And, remember, you are on the way to face HIM!

What a fearful day for the Judases that have sold their Lord for a few pieces of dirty silver! What a day for those who worshipped their filthy coin, and saw more in it to be desired than in the immaculate Son of God! What a dismal day for the Demas and his successors who departed from the way of righteousness," having loved this present world!" What a day of despair and remorse for men who, like the Young Ruler, "turned away sorrowful," because of great possessions. Having traded off heaven for the things of the world, they have now arrived at that time appointed, where they suddenly awake to the fearful knowledge that they have lost the world they grasped after, and, horrible moment—heaven as well!

The law of sowing and reaping will be in operation then as now. In fact, in a sense the harvest will have just arrived. Have you bragged that the "Evangelist could not land you?" Have you laughed off conviction with a shrug of your shoulders and a "No" to God? You will reap what you have sown.

You will reap refusal as surely as you have sown it. You will reap multiplied echoes of the "no" you flung into the face of God. You will reap rejection as you have sown it. May God help you to see it. It is the Word of God.

It is the final court. From it there can be no appeal. Here in this life you may appeal your case from court to court in case the verdict is rendered against you. Not so there. God's court is the SUPREME court of the ages! Like the law of the Medes and the Persians, what is written there will be written forever! Its decisions shall stand though the earth be removed and though the stars fall from the skies like the fig tree casts her untimely fruit to the earth. There is no turning back, there is no starting over again, there is no undoing of the past. Your life has been lived, you have passed from the school of preparation into the yawning abyss of timeless eternity. You have had your chance. A GOOD chance, and you have refused to be saved. No alternative now but to be LOST. And lost forever! My God, how can men laugh to the very gates of doom, and push aside every hand that would stay them in their mad career toward destruction?

Preacher-man, you ask, "Is there no way out of such an ending?" "Yes, I shout

back with all my power of voice! 'If you have not yet passed out of the gates that stand ajar between life and death and Time and Eternity, there is a way out.'

"And how, preacher, please tell me how!"

I am so glad that I can tell you, neighbor. What a fearful thing it would be, if here, as we live, realizing the day of Judgment to be inevitable and sure to come, and knowing the terrors of that day to the sinful, we could not find a way of escape. But there is a way. The Bible has spoken of it, and still speaks. Men have taken the way it has mapped out, and have found rest to their souls all down through the ages. It is the way tested and tried. It is the way opened for all. Men through centuries have stopped at the end of this way, and waved back a farewell as they stepped through the gates that lead to Eternity, and the message that they gave us was a message of hope and cheer.

There is a way of getting rid of every photograph of your wrong doings, even though this moment they may be on file in the office of the-skies. Listen, 1st John 1:9 tells of it. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Acts 3:19 tells of it: "Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when

the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." Isaiah 55:7 tells us of it: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God for he will abundantly pardon." Jeremiah 31:34 declares, "I will forgive their iniquity, I will remember their sin no more."

Hallelujah! As surely as the private in the ranks of the U. S. Army, can stand unashamed and unafraid before the officer on inspection day, God has arranged a plan of salvation whereby every soul may have a spotless purity, a perfection of heart that shall give him confidence as the great Inspection Officer of the skies searches out the soul on the day of Judgment. The past can be forgiven, the sins blotted out, the sins and the iniquities of a lifetime gotten rid of, not only as far as the soul is concerned, but as far as the books of heaven and the memory of God is concerned. Psalm 103:12, "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us."

You are a free moral agent, neighbor. God is in your hands, and you can do with His Son as you please. You can reject, refuse, neglect His great salvation. You can laugh at the blood of the atonement. You can disregard His law and turn away from

His invitations of grace and mercy. You can treat Christ like a cruel man treats a dog. But halt!—let me remind you that the Bible speaks of a day, when you will step from your throne of power, and the Son of man shall descend. There is a day appointed when He shall sit on the throne. There is a day coming, and approaching swiftly with every heart beat, and every tick of the watch, when you shall be in His hands and before His throne, even as always you have filled the throne and Christ has been in YOUR hands! And, friend, as I leave you now, let me warn you, as surely as He will administer unadulterated justice on that day, you will reap from his hand at the judgment just as you have sown. If you have given yourself into His hands, confessing your sins and walking in the light of His will in this life, that day of days, instead of being a day of terror, will be a day of beautiful sunset, and embellished clouds, and caressing breezes. The sea upon which you ship will be calm. There will be no moaning of the bar. May you live with the consciousness that there is a Great Day approaching and may you spend your time today in making your peace with God!

Lost sheep though you may be, just NOW you can be saved. The Great Shepherd is calling, is seeking you. May you cry unto



him for help. He will hear, will answer. Like the lamb carried to the fold on the arm of the herdsman, you can find a place of safety and peace on the bosom of the Son of man who "came to seek and to save that which was lost."

## LOST! BECAUSE CHRIST IS MISSING!!

Luke 2:44.

You have often heard of men losing their wealth, of others losing their health, of still others losing reputation. The sad story of lost character and lost friendship is not unusual. But there is another loss of which I needs must speak which although not so often thought of, is nevertheless of not unusual occurrence. It is that of losing Jesus Christ!

Sometime ago I read some statistics gathered from the experiences of Christian workers the country over. It staggered me to learn that only one in ten of the men and women who profess salvation at altars of prayer the country over, stay true to their God as the testing of the years come upon them. In other words, when one rejoices at the sight of twenty persons lining the mourners' bench and arising with a chorus of ringing testimonies to the saving grace of God, and after we have sent in the glowing report that a score have found the Lord, we must turn our faces to the wall the next moment, remembering that if they are the average group of seekers, only TWO in the TWENTY will continue true through the

years! Again, what a thought, when one gives an altar call for seekers after Christ to think that eighteen of the twenty who throng the aisles and make their way to the place of prayer will turn from their righteousness and make shipwreck of their faith. No, I am NOT prepared to say the statistics tell the absolute truth, and that the figures are exact. I DO however, go on record as saying that the world is filled with men and women who once knew the Christ as a companion and a friend, that now are walking life's pathway, into eternity, without Him!

This is casting no reflection on the keeping power of God. It is merely another testimony to the fact that man is a free moral agent and in spite of the grace of God, can turn his back upon the will of God concerning him, and walk from light into darkness. It is not a case of God being unable to keep, nor unwilling. It is a case of MAN being unwilling to allow God to be his all in all.

The Bible is filled with characters who walked from God and were damned. The Scripture records a whole line of ungodly kings who followed one-another in quick succession into eternity without God. The Bible mentions that several characters who had once been intimately acquainted with the Lord, left Him to their doom.

Take Baalam, for instance. That he knew

God intimately, goes without a question. When the messengers of Balak came with their invitation to curse Israel, Baalam went unto the Lord in prayer, and received a quick response from the skies giving him definite instruction to refuse their request. Any man who can thus gain an audience with God lives not far from Him. How long does it take YOU, my friend, after you have shut yourself in the closet and turned your eyes toward the skies to hear the voice of God giving definite instruction to your waiting heart? Baalam lived in such intimacy with the Almighty, that he talked with God, and God with him, revealing to the prophet the secret wisdom from above, and that without delay. Yet Baalam goes forth from God, breaking through the light from heaven, and finally we see him laying down his life in the ranks of the enemies of Israel.

Then again, in New Testament times, there was Judas Iscariot. It does no good to assert that this man was not once right with God. He was the trusted treasurer of the little company of disciples. He lived a life so far above suspicion that when the news was broken to the followers of Jesus at the last supper that one of them should betray him, there was not a single disciple but suspected himself as being more likely to betray the Lord than Judas. We see them as they

point their fingers at their own breasts and hear them ask the question, "Is it I?" and note that not one of the group asked, "Is it Judas?" Aye, Judas once was a close follower of the Christ! Christ sent him out with the others to preach his gospel. Would Jesus have sent out a sinner to convert others? He once said, "If the blind lead the blind they will both fall into the ditch!" Would the Son of God send out Judas Iscariot that men and women might be led into the ditch of error? Such an idea is preposterous! Judas was once a saved man, but there came a night when he walked away into darkness and at last we see him as he knots the rope about his neck and leaps from the stony cliff into perdition! He has lost Christ!

The man or the woman who loses Christ will find no satisfying substitute for Him in all the world. They may find friends in some upper social circle, but not one of them can fill the place of the Friend they have forsaken! They may gain notoriety until their names are heard in every household of the land, and published in every paper in their State, but all the fame and honor that may be heaped upon them can never fill the aching void that exists in their troubled breasts since Christ has gone. They may receive words of commendation from the multi-

tudes, and flowers may be given them from a thousand hands, but the words of the masses sound harsh indeed, compared with the soft voice of the Man who spoke "Peace be still" in days gone by! And no flower is so fair as the Rose of Sharon which shed perfume throughout every nook and cranny of their being as they pinned that One to their breasts! Time does not heal the wound, and every day that comes brings with the realization of a Christless life, the memory of better days. An air of carelessness may be assumed, but if honest confessions were made, the world would be filled with a cry from a million tired and weary souls, "We are not satisfied as we were when Christ lived with us!"

The "don't care" attitude on the part of multitudes speaks volumes. To confront the matter under consideration with dry eyes and passionless soul and a careless mien, speaks in no uncertain way, that the masses have never known Him. One can never know what it is to lose Him unless they have had Him to lose. I turned from a newly heaped up grave which held the little form of a wee tot of three years, to the sob shaken form of the bereaved mother. She had lost her only babe. I spoke such words of comfort as I could. When I had finished, she held my hand tight and looked up into my



eyes with her own filled with tears. "Have you ever lost a little one?" she asked me. I replied that thus far I never had. "Then," said she, "you can never know exactly how I feel!"

All the way home I thought of her words. They were true. In a small way only could my heart sympathize with her own. To feel as she felt I must sustain the same loss. And days afterward as I called at this mother's home, I asked her what time had done to heal the wound of her heart.

"Oh, Brother Mills," she cried, "the house seems to grow more empty every day! Only yesterday I called her to come to dinner. I had her place all set at the table. Her little plate was there with the alphabet engraved around the edge. The little knife and fork and spoon I placed beside it. The little high-chair was ready for her to sit in. But when I called 'Adelynne!' oh, brother, there was no answering prattle of the little feet, nor any cheery call of her little voice. The room echoed back her name,—and oh, my heart is so empty, the house so lonely. Oh, if I but had her back!"

So, friend, if this subject does not concern you, I feel that you are one of those who have never had the Christ to lose. If you have ever had Him you know that YOUR heart is empty, and your dwelling place a

lonesome spot. The One Altogether Lovely has gone, and nothing can take His place!

Thousands are in the same predicament as was Mary, the mother of the Christ Child. Like her, they have gone a "day's journey" without Jesus being with them, and have gone "supposing" him to be in the company! Aye, and many have gone more than a day resting on mere supposition. They have gone for months and perhaps for years just "guessing" at the presence of Christ. And sometimes we find among those who are travelling without Him those we least expect would leave Him behind.

Ministers of the gospel do not always have Jesus with them. It would seem that of all the people in the world, they would be sure of His presence. Yet many a preacher has climbed, or been pushed to places in high church authority, who has never been conscious of His presence within the heart! I knew of such a man once. I attended his church. It was an important place of worship with its stained glass windows and its paid choir and its beautiful decorations. And this certain pastor was not a man of ordinary ability. He was an excellent man in many respects, he had a pleasing personality, a fine delivery, a good brain, and was of a kindly disposition. He was interested in everything that seemed right, opposed vice and

sin on every hand, and his influence was felt in every direction for a considerable distance. We all loved the man, and yet, there was a lack of something in his make-up that was hard to describe, although painfully manifest. He said many good things, and often would soar with his eloquence until one would nearly be lifted out of one's pew. But just when he should have reached a climax, the hammer, so to speak, while apparently swung with tremendous force and apparent accurate aim, would at the place of contact "miss the nail," and it seemed that all the effort has been wasted and the thing he was trying to do, defeated at the last moment. This pastor was invited to hold a service in a down town mission one night. He was detained from reaching the mission on time, and arrived half an hour late. The superintendent of the Mission had already started to preach, and so went on and finished his message, while the pastor slipped into a rear seat until the end of the sermon. Among the penitents who came to the altar were two bums of the street. They manifestly had wandered long in a "far country" and were tired of serving the devil. They cried mightily unto God, soon found pardon, and arose and shouted the praises of the Lord who had met them at the place of mourning. The pastor looked on plainly

amazed. Without a word he picked up his cane and slipped out to the street and went his way home. He requested his wife not to disturb him, locked himself in his study, and kneeling by his desk, lifted up his voice to the skies, "Oh, Lord," he cried, "I am a graduate from ——— University, I have one of the best charges on the district, I am receiving more salary than most of the rest of my brethren, I have attained to a place where but few gain, but Lord, I never in my life received what those two bums of the street received. Plainly, Lord, thou didst come to them, thou must come to me! They are so rich in their ragged apparel, and I am so poor in my broadcloth! And, Lord, I see what is the matter with me. I need you. And now that I have found that you do meet men, come thou to me. I cannot preach another sermon without thee, I will never leave this study alive, without thee! Oh, Lord Jesus, I pray thee, Come, Come!"

Hour after hour he prayed on. Suddenly, twenty minutes before he was to begin his Sunday morning sermon, Jesus met him. He arose from his knees, rushed from the room, dashed down the street and into the pulpit. His hair was dishevelled, his tie awry, his every-day suit looked as though it had just emerged from a cyclone, but a new light was in his eye, a heavenly glory was upon him,

and as he wheeled around the altar rail to his desk, the regular routine of worship was forgotten and ignored. With hands held pleadingly out to the crowd before him, he told them of his Christless life and of the coming of the Lord at last to his heart, he besought them to forgive him for his unspiritual leadership; confessed that he himself had been to blame for the coldness on the part of his people, and choking with emotion, invited every soul to meet him at the altar rail for prayer! Immediately there was a rush from every quarter, the great semi-circular altar rail was lined with sobbing members of his congregation, and as a mighty chorus of prayer ascended to the skies the glory of the Lord descended upon heart after heart. "Christ has come," "Christ is here," were cries that filled the church! And many who had for years lived on merely "supposing" or "hoping," now realized the unmistakable presence of the Lord of heaven.

At a great holiness camp meeting, under a very searching sermon by one of the evangelists, about a dozen preachers of my acquaintance went to the place of prayer. I put my arm about the neck of one of them, a special friend, and asked him, "What is the matter, brother Will?" He sobbed out that he had been so busy from day to day with his pastoral duties, he had been so absorbed

in building a new church, and had labored so constantly and so strenuously with the thousand and one things that come into the life of the average pastor, that in some way the fellowship with the Lord had been neglected, and now he had come to the realization that he had lost Jesus in the hurry and bustle of his labors. His testimony seemed to fit the cases of the brethren who knelt beside him.

Again, I have found that many a church member has been long without Jesus. In a southern Indiana meeting some time ago, a gray-haired mother arose from the place of prayer and turned to the audience with this confession, "I am now nearly eighty years of age. I have raised a family, and they are now men and women grown. I joined the church at the age of fourteen, but never have I known what it meant to have Jesus as my own, until tonight!"

In a western State while holding a meeting in a Presbyterian Church, an attorney, who was a member of the church went home and to bed greatly troubled. At an early morning hour he turned to awaken his wife. "That sermon tonight showed me that I am not saved, even if I am a church member," he told her. "I want to find Christ right now; I can't wait until another altar call is given. Will you kneel beside me and pray



for me?" To his surprise his wife sobbed back her confession, that she was living without the conscious presence of the Lord, as well.

So, today, as in the time of Mary, thousands have gone on the way for years, "supposing" him to be in the company; and if the truth were told, they have gone on placing confidence in others who likewise have lived long without him.

Have YOU the Christ? It is the all important question. Do not reply that you are a church member. That does not answer the question. Do not say that you are honest and pay your debts, and that you have been baptized. That is not fair. The question is, "ARE YOU NOW SURE YOU HAVE THE CHRIST?" The answer to the question is either "Yes" or "No." Did I hear you say that you "THOUGHT" you had Him? Mary thought the same thing, but found she was mistaken. ARE YOU SURE YOU ARE NOT MISTAKEN? Did you say that you don't think anyone can really KNOW? Ah, friend, do you mean to say that the Saviour of men is so small and insignificant and his salvation such an ethereal nonentity that you cannot KNOW when you possess them? No! The Lord is REAL, and his salvation is as knowable as anything in the world. And if there be any knowledge that one ought to

possess it is the knowledge of Jesus as a personal Saviour!

Listen, friend, the Bible tells us that "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we ARE the children of God." Rom. 8:16. The same chapter assures us also, that "Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His." Have you THAT witness? Do you not remember that Jesus told His disciples that while He was on earth He was "with" them, but that He promised to be "in" them? Does not Paul in his letter to the Colossians tell them of that revealed mystery that had been hidden through the ages, even "Christ IN you, the hope of Glory?" Is it true that such tremendous statements as these mean nothing?

I say there is too much at stake to rest on mere supposition. If anything in the world is worth knowing it is that you are in possession of the Christ. To be without him means that you have absolutely NO hope of ever entering the gates of the City. This is a tremendous statement, but the Scriptures back it up. Listen, "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath NOT the Son of God hath NOT life!" Thus reads the Bible in 1 John 5:12.

You see that unless you have the Son of God you are without a single ray of hope, as far as eternal life is concerned.

Did you say, just now, that you remember when He came unto you? And did you say that it was in that revival meeting held in your neighborhood forty years ago? Well, that forty year old experience will do you no good now. It is not that you have had Him ONCE, it is that you have him NOW that really counts. Too many have had him in days gone by, and now today are living on that experience of the yesterdays. Mary had him up at Jerusalem, but she discovered that she was without him on the road back to Nazareth. You did well to receive Him in the distant past, but you will do better to be sure you have him NOW. Did you notice the way the scripture reads, "He that HATH the Son, hath life." It brings the matter up to date. It did not say "He that has HAD the Son hath life." It does not matter about the yesterdays, it matters only right NOW! If you really HAVE Him, there is no excuse for you living on merely supposing you have Him. If you have Him, you have Him, and if you have Him, you ought to know it! If you actually have a dollar in your pocket there is no use of your supposing that it is there. It can be REALIZED as well as guessed at. If it is possible to have Him and not know you have Him, it is also possible to lose Him and not know that you have lost Him.

In the light of the Scriptures, it is an awful thing to live a moment without the Son of God, for we have no promise of another moment. You may never see another sun go down. Tomorrow that heart that sends the red blood coursing through your veins may be still forever. You may, by the next twilight be well on your way on the fathomless sea of eternity, having passed forever through the gates of death. If you pass into the beyond without the Son of Man, it were better for you that you had never been born!

“Some time at even, when the tide is low,

I shall slip my moorings and sail away  
With no response to the friendly hail

Of kindred craft in the busy bay.  
In the silent hush of the twilight pale

When the night stoops down to embrace  
the day

And the voices call from the waters flow,

Sometime, at even, when the tide is low,  
I shall slip my moorings and sail away!”

And so will you, my friend! You may be able to have your way in other things, and to buy your way in order to secure the desires of your heart, but no man can bribe Death! And in the light of this fact, knowing that as you live you will die, will you still be content in your swift passage down the stream of life, to go all unprepared!

When I put out to sea, may there be no moaning of the bar. As the light skiff slips quickly out from the wharf of Time into the darkness that rests upon the deeps of the eternal sea, I for one, want to know that I have on board a Pilot who knows every rock and reef and shoal. One that has made the journey before me. One who knows the harbor lights to the Eternal City. He who stilled the tempest on Galilee, whose very word caused the wind to cease its roaring, the waves their lashings, and the lake to become as glass, can by His presence give that security and peace and assurance that alone makes the inevitable end of the flesh bearable!

Have you the Son of God? He stands knocking at the door of your heart even now! Let him in!

Have you once known the joy of his presence, but has he departed long since? Are the joy bells that once rang in your heart, now stilled? Has the old joy and the old peace fled away? He still calls tenderly for the prodigals to return from the far country, and he will receive you again unto himself, and forgive your backslidings and love you freely!

Friend, go back, seeking Him, if you have lost Him. Mary found Him where she had left Him. So will you. You say you have

forgotten just where the parting took place? I will remind you just where you left him. Where? At the fork in the road, friend, where you said "yes" to the world, instead of "No!" At the place you said "No" to Him instead of "Yes!" Yes, He is still waiting for you to come back to Him. Will you go? Will you start now?



## ON THE SCALES OF GOD.

Dan. 5:27.

A little over five centuries before Christ was born, God wrote upon the walls of Belshazzar's palace, the doom of Babylon and of her king. Within the space of a few hours thereafter, the city was taken by the Medes and Persians, Belshazzar slain, and a new government set up. Suddenly, terribly, the judgment of God was poured out upon the boasted might of ungodly Babylon, then conceded the mightiest military strong-hold in the world.

Darius, with his army, had laid siege to the city many days before, and were even now encamped up the river Euphrates, above the city. But no one within the walls of Babylon feared. Filled with contempt for the attacking forces, the king made a great feast, invited a thousand of his lords, their wives, and their concubines, and plunged into wild merry-making. Glasses clinked, the wine flowed, laughter filled the corridors, decency was forgotten, the tide of riot swung into a dizzy scene of obscenity. At the very height of the mad scene, there suddenly appeared the fingers of a man's hand, over against the pilaster of the king's palace, writing the doom of both king and kingdom.

Although unable to decipher the hand-writing on the wall, Belshazzar recognized in it the supernatural. Fear took possession of him. His countenance was changed; the joints of his loins were loosed; his knees smote one against the other as he called for the interpretation of the strange message. The music of the dance was stilled, the wild tumult of gaitty hushed, the revelry brought to an end. Daniel is brought in before the frightened ruler, the interpretation of the handwriting is given, and that very night Darius with his army marched into the city, under the walls, on the dry bed of the river whose waters had been turnd into another channel. The battle was soon over, the victory of the Medes and Persians complete, Belshazzar was slain, and his blood, intermingling with that of many of his followers flowed upon the floor of the banqueting hall which had so suddenly been turned into a place of death!

Let us consider wherein Belshazzar was found wanting. It may be that you, living in the light of a new age, are guilty of the very things that brought swift judgment upon Babylon's king. The pilaster of the palace, upon which the hand-writing was seen, was that very portion of the wall which contained an engraved record of the military achievements, the strength and glory of

mighty Babylon. Can it be that just where you boast of your strength and fitness, a record of your fall may be written? "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall!"

Belshazzar was found wanting in a correct estimation of his safety. He thought himself to be secure, but he was mistaken! It is possible for a man to THINK himself safe, and yet, in God's sight, as He weighs him on the scales of heaven, the individual may be wrong. Men in all ages have been mistaken in their estimate of themselves. The Pharisees had a very exalted opinion of themselves and of their religion. They paid tithes of all they possessed. They prayed long prayers in public, kept every fast day and every holy day, and thanked God they were not as other men. Yet when Christ came preaching, He denounced them as hypocrites, as a generation of vipers, and asked them how they were to escape the damnation of hell! They were sincere, perhaps, but mistaken.

Five foolish virgins thought themselves ready to meet the Bridegroom, but when the test came they were left outside the door! They were wrong.

A man without a wedding garment, slipped into an assembly of guests, thinking himself fit in ordinary attire. Under the direc-

tion of the master of the house, he was cast outside. He had deceived himself! A man must have something the masses have not got, if he is to pass muster in the sight of God!

Saul of Tarsus was the very embodiment of sincerity, but he saw his awful mistake and blunder in haling the Christians to jail when the Lord poured upon him the light from heaven, on the road to Damascus.

It is not what YOU THINK, that makes you fit. It is what GOD SAYS! Sincerity is absolutely no proof of rectitude. I sincerely thought, while out on a deer hunt expedition, that I was going in a southerly direction toward camp one night. When the morning dawned I found I had been traveling north half the night! You are doing a most dangerous thing when you depend on your own ideas and opinions when it comes to a matter of salvation. You cannot afford to live a day merely "guessing" and "supposing" you are right. You need GOD'S WORD to set you right and KEEP you right. Without it, you are as unfortunate as the mariner who sails without a chart or a compass to guide him. Yes, MORE unfortunate, for he may be lost for a day or a week, far from port, but the miscalculations YOU make will certainly lead to a loss that is measured only by eternity!

Belshazzar's associates no doubt thought their ruler safe, but they too, were mistaken. Put this second truth in your note-book: It is not what OTHERS think of you that makes you safe. THEY may be wrong. Man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart. The disciples never thought up to the time of the last supper that Judas Iscariot would see more in thirty pieces of silver than in the immaculate Son of God. They each ask, "Is it I?" They suspect themselves more likely to do the dastardly deed than the treasurer of the little company. Yet Judas goes forth to do the terrible thing. He is so vile as to sell his own Friend! Listen not to the would-be teacher who speaks of an easy way to Glory, at variance with the way the Almighty has revealed. Their words may be soft, and tickle the itching ear, but every other way than the way of God, is a way of death!

The APPEARANCE of safety is not always indicative of REAL security. Babylon's king had every SIGN of security, but he banqueted on the brink of the precipice of disaster. The towering walls that surrounded the city lifted themselves toward the clouds to a dizzy height. No battering ram or other weapon in military use in that day was able to damage the adamant from which they were builded. Her mighty gates

of brass could withstand the combined assault of a thousand men. The river Euphrates that flowed through the city furnished an inexhaustible water supply. Grain for flour filled the great grain bins. Yet, in the face of seeming impossibility, the mighty stronghold was taken that night, falling ingloriously, and her ruler with her! You may have a hundred signs of religion, and yet not have salvation enough to last you half an hour. You may boast of your church membership, your water baptism, your morality, your knowledge of the Bible, yes and you may carry a Bible to church every Sabbath day, you may pay your debts and take communion; your neighbors may think your religious activities indicative of your safe access to heaven, and even your pastor may be of the opinion you are on the narrow path that leads upward. But you may be on the broad trail that leads downward, nevertheless. Like a counterfeit coin you may have the stamp of genuineness upon you, but you may be lacking in the material which is necessary to real value. You should be a troubled individual, friend, if all you have to depend on is your form of religion. You may have a FORM without the POWER of godliness. The sign of the boot hanging over the street, may indicate a shoemaker in the building, but the indication may be



wrong! The building may be empty. The signs you take so much pleasure and pride in showing may indicate to many that you have something real in your heart, but again the indications may lie. I ask you in the name of the King, are YOU EMPTY inside? Polished like the sepulchres on the outside but within full of musty sin? You don't expect to step into God's scales like that, do you? Well, I hope not, but you may have no time to "clean house" on the day of accounting! Belshazzar waited too long, will you?

The doomed king was found wanting in belief of God's Word. The fall of the city had been foretold. But what did its king care for prophecy when every indication about contradicted it? It was a case of crying Peace and Safety, when sudden destruction came upon them! Do not mislead yourself into thinking that the Bible is wrong. Every prophecy it contains either has or will come true with amazing accuracy. Read its prophecies, neighbor. It will do your shriveled up faith good! Then turn the pages of the Great Book and read History. Or, turn the tables, and read history, then turn and read prophecy. You will discover in spite of yourself, that history is but the echoings of prophecy. Do not be deceived. There will be a day when wrongs will be righted, when every hidden thing shall come to light,

and every secret will be revealed. Every man shall stand in the Judgment to render an account. You shall step on to the accurate scales of God. There is to be no escape. God has an appointment with you. He will not forget to keep it. You may laugh now, but there will be a day when laughter will be out of order. Earthquakes will cause the globe to stagger like a drunken man, the sun shall be turned to the blackness of sack-cloth, the moon will be as blood, the stars will fall from the heavens like a fig tree casteth her untimely figs from her branches, the heavens will depart as a scroll, every mountain and island will be moved from their places, wails will ascend from the mighty men of the earth, the voices of rich men, and chief captains will join them in a mighty chorus, and from their hiding places in the rocks and the dens of the mountains, they shall cry for the mountains above them to "Fall upon us and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb; for the great day of His wrath has COME and who shall be able to stand?" Aye, it will come friend! And it were better for you that you had never been born than that you should go into the terrors of that day to be weighed and found wanting in the balances of the Almighty!

Once more, we see according to the indictments of God, that Belshazzar was also found wanting because of his disregard of past warnings given him.

Daniel reminded the wicked king that his father, Nebuchadnezzar, had tasted of the wrath of God because of his arrogance, pride and sinful disregard of the Almighty. He was deposed from his throne, and reduced to the level of the beasts of the field. Robbed of his glory, bereft of the right use of his mind he wandered under the dews of heaven, eating straw like the ox! What a pitiable fall! "And thou, his son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thine heart though thou knewest all this!" Such was the message of Daniel. Belshazzar had failed to profit by warnings of the past, and now he must suffer the penalty. God warns men still, and he does not warn for naught. As the engineer who runs past the danger signal pulls his train to a certain destruction, the man who heeds not the danger signals that God throws out across the pathway of life is sure to make a wreck of everything precious as he takes his fatal leap into the world to come; Who can say they have not been warned? All along the pathway of life, the red lights that speak of danger have been placed at every parting of the way. When adversity knocked at your door, when sickness visited your body, when

death came to your home, when disaster threatened, God spoke to you! When the funeral bell tolled, the death notices were read, the procession paying last respects to the dead passed by, or when you walked by the quiet city of the dead where the cold granite tombstones lift up their silent outlines among the shadows, you heard a call ring through your inner consciousness, and that call was to prepare to meet thy God! As you behold age advancing, death approaching, you are warned that there is a day in which you are to slip from the stage of life, behind the wings of eternity, and that the place that you now fill will be occupied by another! The grim reaper is gaining upon you. Every heart beat he is getting nearer. The inevitable time will come when the cold grasp of the death angel will hold you mercilessly, and you will go with him into the night, while doctors and friends stand helplessly by unable to deliver you. Yes, God does warn! And you have heard the call to safety. Perhaps you have made promises, and yet again and again have broken them! You have not yet paid your vows. Will you hurl yourself past every effort God is making to turn you from destruction? If you neglect and refuse to embrace the Great Salvation, how shall you escape? Friend, there is no escape for you! Will you, like Belshaz-

zar, brush aside the voice of God, only to be damned?

God found Belshazzar guilty, also, on the count of Irreverence. "They have brought the vessels of His house before thee, and thou, and thy lords, thy wives and thy concubines have drunk wine in them." The vessels referred to were those that had been made for service in the House of Prayer. They were to be used as a means of communion and worship. They were intended to be an instrument of blessing to man. But corrupting their use, they became instead of a blessing, a curse!

You say that Belshazzar was fearfully irreverent in using those sacred vessels in such an unholy way? So say I! But are you sure you have not emulated his example and done likewise? Let me remind you that there are other sacred things within reach of every man that may be perverted in their use to the damnation of the soul!

What about the Sabbath? A day God commanded that men should remember to keep holy unto the Lord? Are you one of the masses that are making it a day of recreation, visitation, merry-making, or money-getting? Do you forget the church, the Sunday school, and the worship of God on the day appointed by the Almighty for the special care of your soul, and for the quickening

of your life in spiritual things? Remember the Sabbath was made for your good, but you can, by the wrong use of that day, put guilt upon your soul instead of blessing!

And what about the Word you have heard proclaimed? "God hath chosen by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe," but man can so treat the gospel that it will be a savor of death unto death, instead of a savor of life unto life! The opportunities you have had to hear and yield to the truth of the gospel are sacred. It is a wonderful thing that you were not born as one of the masses of China or India, or as a Hottentot in darkest Africa! Is it not providential that you were not born where the Book is unknown, and the preaching of the word never heard? You are here in a land where a Bible is to be found under nearly every roof, and where church spires rise about you, and where the bells that call to worship ring in your ears. You are where the songs of Zion are sung, and where prayers are said and where tears for the wayward fall. Have you rejected the gospel? It was given unto you as a means of salvation, but unless accepted, I would far rather be an uncivilized black-man in the day of Judgment than you!

And how about Conviction? You say you never were convicted. Man, do not talk like



that! You know better! In your innermost self there cries out a voice that speaks of guilt within. The Holy Ghost was given to convict you of sin. And He is a faithful officer of the Godhead. He has visited you, perhaps often. When the sermon was preached and the altar call given, He spoke to YOU, and told you that you ought to be a Christian. You felt the tug of the Divine on the heart strings, and heard the soft invitation whispered into your ears, your whole soul leaped within your breast. You had heard an invitation from the sky. The Spirit urged you to turn unto God, and to do it at once. Did you yield? That is the question. Did you say a mighty "yes," or was it rather a dreadful "no"! Man, that chance you had, that invitation extended was a sacred thing! If you walked away with a stiffened jaw, and an unwilling heart, you are worse off now than you have ever been. And yet those things that you placed far from you were the things God intended should bring you unto salvation. Yes, you were able to say "no" to God. You are a free moral agent and have the ability to put your heel on every opportunity offered you; you can treat the sacred things of God irreverently, but you do it to the damnation of your soul, and in the final day of reckoning, you

will, as was the King of Babylon, be found wanting!

But one of the serious charges against Belshazzar was that he was a worshipper of idols instead of the true God. "Thou hast praised the gods of silver, and gold, of brass, iron, wood and stone, which see not nor hear nor know: and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified." He had a religion but it was the WRONG KIND! He did not have a religion that SAVED. Man, in order to be saved, you must not only have a religion to work on, but a religion that works on YOU! Unless you have a religion that saves you from sin and sinning you are worshipping at the wrong altar. "He that committeth sin is of the devil; whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil." 1 John 3:8-9-10. Read for yourself the three verses, of which the parts quoted are extracts. Now, neighbor, don't "flare up," because it doesn't move the verses a fraction of an inch from their settings! And please do not begin with that "but I THINK" business either! Belshazzar made the mistake that you are making. Do you not remember that when I began this discourse I proved it was not what YOU THINK that makes you safe? Get down off your old

scales. You have worshipped them too long now. That is the principal thing that ails you! Listen to God's Word, for by IT you shall be weighed. Did I hear you say that you did not believe in the "second blessing?" Well, I do, but I am not talking about that now. It is just plain old-fashioned conversion that I am dealing with. The BIBLE says, "He that is BORN of God doth not commit sin." You will go out of the sinning business when you are born of God. It don't take a second work to stop men from committing sin. No, Sir! If you commit sin in thought, word and deed very day, neighbor, you need to repent and be converted. You are still a thousand miles from sanctification! Your claim that we all commit sin, puts us all in a bad light. It means that we are all the devil's children, and if we are all the devil's children, then God has not got a child on earth! Now don't get so wild looking neighbor. No, I am NOT judging you! I am merely quoting the Bible, "He that committeth sin is of the devil!" You fight the God who wrote that down, and contradict Him if you dare! I am not in the fight. I did not write it down, I did not create that high standard. The God who created the heavens and the earth is responsible. But I will add this little suggestion, friend, now that you are a little more calm: The world

is laughing at you and your followers who sin in thought and word every day, and they have not got an ounce of faith in your profession of salvation. Why, even the blind-pigger on South Clark Street in Chicago, has a more lofty conception of what God can do for man than have you! Ask him what kind of a man a Christian ought to be, and he will tell you that a Christian ought not commit sin. The world refuses to join your ranks for they see you have nothing more than they to offer as an inducement for being "religious." No wonder you fight holiness! What you need is a small spot where you can dig down in tears and repentance so that you will be able to receive aid for your blind eyes. Come across now and be honest. It goes without saying that you show more respect to the demands of men than you do to the demands of God Himself! I will prove it to you. Listen! You ship a package by Parcel Post to California. The postmaster tells you the cost will be forty cents. You do not stand and argue for a twenty-five cent rate. You pay the forty cents without a word. You pay that one dollar and fifty-five cent freight charge on that shipment from Chicago, and are not guilty of offering the freight agent an even dollar. You do not haggle with the railroad, trying to get them to let you, a full grown man, ride on less

than full fare. You meet the demands of men without a murmur, but when God demands of you a sinless walk in this life, you act like you wanted to fight! Jesus Christ was the son of a Jewess, but you can't "jew" him down. God does not intend to allow men to create the standards of religion, nor to pass on the reasonableness of salvation. He has done his part in providing a salvation from sin, and in providing the power to keep the man from sinning. God is able to do it, and He DOES it! He swore an oath one time unto our father Abraham, "That he would grant unto us, that we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies might serve him without fear. In HOLINESS and RIGHTEOUSNESS before him, ALL THE DAYS OF OUR LIFE." You will find that statement in Luke 1:74 and 75, my friend. Look at Titus 2:11 and 12: "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching US that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this PRESENT world." Read again the last two verses in Jude: "Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God, our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion

and power, both NOW and FOREVER, Amen."

Seriously, my friend, I cannot see that you have a single thing about your religion that is an improvement on infidelity. The infidel's infidelity does as much for him, as your religion does for you! Unless you have a religion that saves from sin, you may as well accept infidelity. It will do that much for you—fail to save from sin!

If you do not believe the Bible, throw it away. What good is it to you? If a single part gives wrong directions and is inaccurate in its requirements, other portions are likewise apt to be wrong. But, Sir, if you believe the Book, for God's sake ACT like you did! And, you ought to act at ONCE! Months have fled by and have rounded out years. The years have turned into history, and yet every minute of the past, the death angel has been gaining on you! He is years closer to you now than when the sands in your hour glass began to run down. Your last trip may have been taken, your last sermon heard, the last sunset seen. You have no promise of tomorrow. Awful will be your fate if, as you come to the end of life's trail, you must take that fatal plunge into the darkness of Eternity without a God to uphold you! It is a fearful thing to be LOST forever, when it takes but a minute to be



saved! But that minute is not the one to come, it is **THIS** minute. No one gets saved on that minute just ahead. Will you not take **THIS** minute, while the crimson tide is within reach, while the doors of Mercy are open, while the "whosoever" call is ringing in your ears, and use this precious moment to make the wise choice for God? God is waiting right now to do for you what you have been unable to do for yourself. Give Him a chance, friend, right **NOW**! May God help you to see that while you are standing, as did Belshazzar, only a heart's beat away from the day of accounting, that call on the night, "Thy soul is required of thee!" need not find you unprepared. Turn and live!







